THE CHARMER:

OR, THE LADY's GARLAND.

Containing Two Hundred and Thirty-five

Favourite NEW SONGS,

SUNG AT

The THEATRES, *VAUXHALL, RANELAGH, MARYBONE,* } *SADLER's* WELLS; PUBLIC CONCERTS, *The* MUSICAL SOCIETIES, *&c. &c.*

To which are prefix'd,

A *New Occasional Interlude*, call'd,

H T M E N;

And the Favourite *Pastoral Dialogue* in the

ARCADIAN NUPTIALS:

Perform'd at the THEATRES.

Musick *the fiercest Grief can charm,*
And Fate's severest Rage disarm:
Musick *can soften Pain to Ease,*
And make Despair and Madness please;
Our Joys below it can improve,
And antedate the Bliss above. POPE.

LONDON.

Printed and sold by *J. Hinxman*, in *Pater-noster-Row*; *J. Wren*, near *Half-Moon-Street*, in the *Strand*; *J. Williams*, next the *Mitre* Tavern, *Fleet-Street*; and *R. Richards*, near *Bartlet's-Buildings*, *Holborn*.

[*Price* TWO SHILLINGS *bound in Red.*]

BRITISH MUSEUM

HYMEN.

A

New Occaſional INTERLUDE.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

After the Overture, the Curtain riſes to ſoft Muſick, and diſcovers a Rural Scene, a Temple in View, HYMEN *aſleep in a Bower, an Altar, and a Torch unlit.*

Enter *CUPID.*

AIR.

HOW pleaſing, dear Wedlock, appear thy Domains!
How ſoft are thy Fetters! how eaſy thy Chains!
No Pleaſure on Earth is ſo perfect as thine,
Thy Joys with the Virtuous are almoſt divine;
For Friendſhip and Love here together unite
The Raptures of Senſe with ſupernal Delight.

RECITATIVE.

Hymen, awake!——The God of Love attend!

HYMEN, riſing.

RECITATIVE.

What Cauſe propitious brings my deareſt Friend!

AIR.

Joy and Pleaſure great and free,
Fill my Breaſt at Sight of Thee!
Tell me, gentle God of Love,
Why you viſit *Hymen*'s Grove?

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Dreadful War, the human Foe,
Leaves to Peace the World below;
Diſcord quits the frighted Land,
Baniſh'd by the Victor's Hand.

AIR.

See around, in ev'ry Grove,
Mirth, Tranquility, and Love;
Take thy Torch and golden Carriage,
Now's the Reign of Love and Marriage.

DUET.

HYM. Love rewards the Soldier beſt,
CUP. *Hymen* makes the Virgin bleſt;
Together Then, O *Venus*, haſte away,
For 'tis *Hymen*'s Holiday.

Enter

Enter *VENUS.*

RECITATIVE.

Hymen, the ſacred Rites of Love prepare!

HYMEN.

I will——But firſt, O Queen, for whom declare!

VENUS.

RECITATIVE.

For one divinely ſent Mankind to pleaſe,
Form'd to command with Dignity and Eaſe;
Of Manners pleaſing, God-like where he can,
A Prince! a Hero, and a worthy Man.

DUET. *VENUS* and *CUPID.*

What, but lovely blooming Youth,
Grac'd with all the Charms of Truth;
Fair, with matchleſs Elegance,
Can the Hero recompenſe?

Who, around the ſpacious Earth,
Bright with Beauty, great by Birth,
Should but She, ſuch Merit ſhare,
Who's as virtuous as She's fair?

VENUS.

RECITATIVE, Accompanied.

Jove ſmiles Approval from above,
And gratulates connubial Love;
Auſpicious Fate the Union wills,
And in the Pair ſweet Hope inſtils.

CUPID

CUPID lights the Altar.

RECITATIVE.

The Fire I've kindled! light thy Torch again;

HYMEN.

'Tis done; and now we'll form the Marriage Chain.

VENUS.

AIR.

Bleſs, O *Jove*, the Pair we join,
And with Friendſhip, Love entwine;
Realize their fancy'd Hope,
And to Rapture give full Scope;
That they ſoon may feel with Pleaſure,
Joys parental without Meaſure.

RECITATIVE, Accompanied.

Nymphs and Shepherds, quick advance!
Join the feſtive Song and Dance!
He the kind, and She the fair,
Bleſſing thus the happy Pair.

Enter NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS.

FULL CHORUS.

We conſign the bright Pair,
O Great *Jove!* to thy Care:
Deck them with Honour's glorious Crown,
And make immortal Joys their own.

A DANCE.

A PAS-

A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

SUNG BY

Mr. *BEARD* and Miſs *HALLAM*,

AT THE

Theatre Royal in *Covent-Garden*,

In a MASQUE, call'd,

The ARCADIAN NUPTIALS.

COLIN and *PHILLIS*.

COLIN.

HARK! Hark! o'er the Plains what glad Tumults we hear!
How gay all the Nymphs and the Shepherds appear!
With Myrtles and Roſes new-deck'd are the Bowers,
And every Buſh bears a Garland of Flowers:
I can't, for my Life, what it means underſtand;
There's ſome rural Feſtival ſurely at Hand:
Nor Harveſt, or Sheep-ſheering, now can take Place—
But *Phillis* will tell me the Truth of the Caſe.

PHILLIS.

The Truth, honeſt Lad!——Why you ſurely ſhou'd know,
What Rites are prepar'd in the Village below;
Where gallant young *Thyrſis*, ſo fam'd and ador'd,
Weds *Daphne*, the Siſter of *CORIN*, our Lord.
That *Daphne*, whoſe Beauty, Good-nature, and Eaſe,
All Fancies can ſtrike, and all Judgments can pleaſe:
That *CORIN*—but Praiſe muſt the Matter give o'er,
You know what He is, and I need ſay no more.

COLIN.

COLIN.

Young *Thyrſis* too claims, all that Honour can lend;
His Countryman's Glory, their Champion and Friend;
Tho' ſuch ſlight Memorials ſcarce ſpeak his Deſerts;
And, truſt me, His Name is engrav'd on their Hearts.

PHILLIS.

But hence to the Bridal, behold how they throng;
Each Shepherd conducting his Sweetheart along:
The joyous Occaſion, all Nature inſpires
With tender Affections, and chearful Deſires.

DUETTO.

Ye Pow'rs, that o'er Conjugal Union preſide,
All-gracious look down on the Bridegroom and Bride:
That Beauty, and Virtue, and Valour may ſhine,
In a Race, like Themſelves, with *No End to the Line:*
Let Honour, and Glory, and Riches, and Praiſe,
Unceaſing attend them, thro' numerous Days:
And while in a Palace Fate fixes their Lot,
Oh! may they live eaſy as thoſe in a Cot.

SEMI-CHORUS of NYMPHS,

While the Dancers are winding the Wreath of Flowers about the Bridegroom and Bride.

Faſt the blooming Virgin tye,
No Thorns beneath the Roſes lye.

SEMI-CHORUS of SWAINS.

Round the Hero ſwiftly move!
Glory bind to ſacred Love.

GRAND CHORUS, *as the Dance concludes.*

Bleſs'd for ever may they be!
Ever Bound, yet ever Free.

THE

THE PREFACE.

SINGING *is a* chearful *and* pleaſing Entertainment. *It ſooths the Cares and Anxieties of Life, and inſpires us with Serenity and Joy. It has a Kind of irreſiſtable Power over the Mind, and forms thereon Senſations as various as the Sounds that are within the Compaſs of the human Voice. This Power of Muſick is beautifully expreſs'd by Mr.* DRYDEN, *in the following Lines:*

While Organs yet were mute;
TIMOTHEUS, to his breathing Flute,
And ſounding Lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the Soul to Rage, or kindle ſoft Deſire.
At laſt divine CECILIA came,
Inventreſs of the vocal Frame;
The ſweet Enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to ſolemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.

The SONGS *in* this Collection *are ſuch as the Editor imagines will* PLEASE, *having been ſung before the* politeſt Audiences *in this Kingdom at the* Theatres, *the* Publick Gardens, *at* Concerts, *and at all the* Publick Places of Diverſion, *by the moſt* EMINENT PERFORMERS, *with* univerſal Applauſe. *It is not mention'd, at the Top of each Song,* where *and by* whom *it was ſung, becauſe that would be taking up Room to no Purpoſe; for* all *Perſons,* who frequent thoſe Places, *know* both *as well as the Editor.*

Particular Care has been taken to chuſe ſuch as are eſteem'd for the Elegance *of their* Compoſition, *for ſome* Smartneſs *in the* Turn, *or for the* Excellency *of their* Muſick; *and to avoid all thoſe that have any Indecency of Expreſſion, or that may offend the Ear of Modeſty: Therefore* THIS COLLECTION (*which is publiſh'd at a very* reaſonable Price) *is a* PROPER PRESENT *for* Parents, Relations, Guardians, *&c. to make to* Young Gentlemen *and* Ladies, *as it will afford* Them *a* rational, improving, delightful, *and* innocent Recreation.

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A COL-

An ELEGANT COLLECTION OF Favourite NEW SONGS.

SONG I.

WHILE I quaff the roſy Wine,
With enliven'd Wit I ſhine;
Singing then the *Muſes* Praiſe,
Double Fire inſpires my Lays.

While I quaff the roſy Wine,
I feel, I feel the Power divine!
Free me from all Sorrow's Sway,
I puff, like Winds, my Care away.

While I quaff the roſy Wine,
All my Faculties refine,
My Temper grows ſerene and fair,
And like the Summer Evening's Air.

While I quaff the roſy Wine,
Crowns of od'rous Flow'rs I twine,
Singing to the echoing Grove,
The Pleaſures of that Life I love.

While I quaff the roſy Wine,
To ſoft Paſſions I incline,
My Miſtreſs then my Song imploys,
And all Love's pleaſing painful Joys.

While I quaff the roſy Wine,
Every Delight is mine,
Youth does again my Veins inſpire,
I lead the Dance, and join the Choir.

While I quaff the roſy Wine,
I its Force to Reaſon join,
And ſteel my Breaſt againſt that Fall,
That common Fate that waits us all.

SONG II.

TENDER Paſſions, never ending,
Haunt my Steps, where-e'er I go;
Doubt and Fear, on Love attending,
Swell my panting Heart with Woe.

SONG III.

YE dear pretty Ladies,
Who now in your gay Days,
So merrily take your Diverſion;
Sure there is no Sporting,
Compared to Courting,
And having a little Flirtation.

What tho' now you call
An Aſſembly or Ball
A pleaſant and ſweet Recreation,
How ſoon wou'd you treat it
As dull and inſipid,
Had you not a little Flirtation?

In Church or in Street,
Or where-ever you meet,
The Object of your Inclination,
Oh! is it not Pleaſure,
Beyond any Meaſure,
To have a dear little Flirtation?

There's you, and there's you,
And there's you, Madam, too,
And there's you in your ſly Situation;
Tho' you all look ſo ſhy,
Yet you cannot deny,
That you're fond of a little Flirtation.

SONG IV.

HE.

HASTE every Nymph and each Swain to the Grove,
For *Venus* is there, 'tis the Seaſon of Love;
Obey the kind Summons, for if ſhe's defy'd,
Your Coldneſs ſhe'll conquer and puniſh your Pride.
Obey the kind Summons, &c.

SHE.

But truſt me, ye Fair, nor too heedleſly run;
The Path of Delight, is the Road ye ſhould ſhun:
Fly far from the Grove, if *Venus* is there;
Her Summons is cruel, her Smiles are a Snare.
Fly far, &c.

H E.

Sure Nature was never averſe to Delight,
When Pleaſure is preſent, Fear ſoon takes his Flight:
Proud Nymph, if by Kindneſs you ſcorn to be warm'd,
Remember that *Venus* her *Cupid* has arm'd.
Proud Nymph, &c.

S H E.

I fear not his Vengeance, his Bow or his Darts,
'Tis credulous Folly that ſoftens our Hearts;
But Virtue's the Shield thoſe Hearts can ſecure,
And Paſſion's a Sickneſs Diſcretion may cure.
But Virtue's, &c.

H E.

Diſcretion! why *Venus* would laugh at the Name;
If once in your Boſom ſhe kindles a Flame,
In ſpite of yourſelf you'd hie to the Grove,
For Reaſon can't ſtruggle with Nature and Love.
In ſpite of yourſelf, &c.

S H E.

Go leave me, Deceiver; let Reaſon prevail,
Againſt Nature and Paſſion let her turn the Scale.
Nay, Traytor forbear, I to Honour am brave:

H E.

Nay, Faireſt be kinder, to Love I'm a Slave.
Nay, Faireſt be kinder, &c.

SONG V.

OH! for the charming Violet,
The Jeſſamine and Roſe,
In myſtic Garland quaintly ſet,
My Paſſion to diſcloſe:
A Love, that buds like Flow'rs in Spring
But fades not ſo away;
For Truth, which with my Love I bring,
That Flow'r can ne'er decay.

SONG

SONG VI.

AH! who in all theſe happy Plains
With *Collin* can compare?
A Youth eſteem'd by all the Swains,
Belov'd by all the Fair.
I think he's free from artful Wiles;
For oft with tearful Eye,
He fondly looks at me and ſmiles,
He does, I know not why,
He does, I know not why.

He preſs'd my Hand, I bluſh'd and ſigh'd,
Yet hope he did not ſee,
And then to ſpeak, he vainly try'd,
But gently ſigh'd like me.
Methinks this wary Heart ſhould know,
If *Collin* feign'd the Sigh,
Yet where he's nam'd it flutters ſo,
It does, I know not why,
It does, &c.

Say, gentle God, whoſe mighty Laws
Prevail o'er Nymphs and Swains,
O ſhew my Heart the ſecret Cauſe,
Of *Collin*'s tender Pains.
Say, rather why this Heart entreats,
The Cauſe of *Collin*'s Woe,
And why it flutters, why it beats,
Alas! too well I know,
Alas! too well I know.

SONG VII.

TO make me in loving perſiſt,
Thy Beauty and Virtue combine;
And ſooner I'll ceaſe to exiſt,
Than ceaſe to be totally thine.

SONG VIII.

IF the ſweet Name of Love my fair *Iris* affright,
I'll pretend it's in Friendſhip I doat on her Sight;
But the Friendſhip ſo warm, and ſo tender will prove,
That my *Iris* may one Day miſtake it for Love,
But the Friendſhip, &c.

When I gaze on her Eyes, or am charm'd with her Hair,
I'll ſay 'tis with Pride that my Friend is ſo fair;
But the Pride with ſuch Tranſports my Boſom will move,
That my *Iris* may fancy it flutters with Love,
But the Pride, &c.

When charm'd with her Wit, I repeat the gay Jeſt,
I'll ſwear, I applaud it, becauſe 'tis the beſt;
But the Warmth of my Praiſe ſhe may chance to reprove,
And ſay, 'tis to ſhew ſhe deſerves I ſhould love,
But the Warmth, &c.

When I doat on her Hand, as it ſtrikes the Guittar,
I'll ſwear, 'tis the Muſic tranſports me ſo far;
But, alas! my fix'd Eyes, ſhe may tell me, had ſtrove,
To ſhew I would hide my Diſtraction and Love,
But, alas! &c.

When I ſtand in Amaze, her whole Form to behold,
And laugh at the *Venus* they figur'd of Old;
I'll ſay 'tis all Wonder, her Dread to remove;
But my *Iris* may fancy, alas! it is Love,
I'll ſay, &c.

O fairer than *Venus!* thy Fears overcome,
While ſcar'd, like thyſelf, I ſtand waiting my Doom:
From that delicate Terror ſome little abate;
For, rather then fright thee, I'll ſwear it's all Hate,
From that, &c.

SONG

SONG IX.

A DIALOGUE.

HE.

WITNESS, rural Nymphs and Swains!
Witneſs, all that Heav'n contains,
Were I crown'd, in purple Robe,
Monarch of the ſpacious Globe,
No Content my Soul could prove,
If deny'd this Fair One's Love.

SHE.

To his Paſſion, artleſs I
Cannot half ſo well reply;
Nor can Virtue better mean:
Yet, were I *Bithynia*'s Queen,
I'd renounce all Pomp and Pride,
To become this Shepherd's Bride.

SONG X.

IN *Nottinghamſhire*,
Let 'em boaſt of their Beer,
With a hey-down, down, and a down;
I'll ſing in the Praiſe of good Sack:
Old Sack, and old Sherry,
Will make your Heart merry,
Without e'er a Rag to your Back.

Then caſt away Care,
Bid adieu to Deſpair,
With a hey-down, down, and a down;
Like Fools our own Sorrow we make:
In ſpight of dull Thinking,
While Sack we are drinking,
Our Hearts are too buſy to ach.

SONG XI.

WHEN Daffodils begin to peer,
With hey the Doxey over the Dale;
With them comes in the Sweet o' th' Year,
For the red Blood reigns o'er the Winter's pale.
The Lark that Tirra Lyra chaunts,
With hey, with hey, the Thruſh and the Jay,
Are Summer Songs for me and my Aunts,
As we lie tumbling in the Hay.

SONG XII.

HOW charming looks the Damask Roſe,
When blown upon the Green?
In crimſon Beauty how it glows,
Moſt lovely to be ſeen?
But *Sally*'s Charms more bright appear,
With native Luſtre ſhine;
And every Flower of the Year,
Their Beauties yield to thine.

Whene'er ſhe deigns to ſooth my Pains,
She ſings a ſweeter Note,
Then dying Swans on ſilver *Thames*,
E'er warbled thro' their Throat;
More Fragrance does her Breath diffuſe,
Than *India*'s ſpicy Vales,
When loaded with their rich Perfumes,
And fann'd by gentle Gales.

The feather'd Choir, whene'er ſhe treads
The ſweet enamel'd Meads,
Directly leave their Moſs-made Beds,
And cheer the verdant Shades.
All, all aſpire to meet my Love,
Whilſt on each flow'ry Thorn,
In tuneful Notes they her approve,
The Goddeſs of the Morn.

SONG

SONG XIII.

AS laſt we parted on the Plain,
Fond *Damon* ſeem'd full loth to go;
He kiſs'd, and ſaid, that ſoon again
He'd come, and would not leave me ſo:
For that, ſays he, the Time is near,
And then, my Love, I do deſign
(It is the beſt Day in the Year)
To come and be your Valentine.
I wiſh'd the tedious Hours to fly,
And long'd the look'd for Day to ſee,
And as the Time then grew ſo nigh,
How bleſt thought I, will *Nancy* be.
The Morning came, and at my Door
I heard a Noiſe, that ſaid, incline
For once dear Girl, if never more,
To riſe and be my Valentine.

A thouſand Fears diſturb my Mind,
'Twas *Thyrſis* there, in *Damon*'s Stead;
I thought my Youth was quite unkind,
Nor knew what ſhould be done or ſaid.
I hop'd it could not be a Sin,
In ſpite to *Damon*, now not mine;
I let the kinder *Thyrſis* in,
And was that Shepherd's Valentine.

Nor what I did, I now repent,
For fickle *Damon*, ſoon as Light,
To *Lucy* on that Morning went,
Nor has been ſince from out her Sight.
And *Thyrſis* late, but half-lov'd Swain,
Is now both all and only mine;
I bleſs the Time, that once was Pain,
He came to be my Valentine.

SONG

SONG XIV.

COME, thou roſy dimp'ed Boy,
Source of ev'ry heart-felt Joy!
Leave the bliſful Bow'rs a while,
Paphos and the *Cyprian* Iſle;
Viſit *Britain*'s rocky Shore,
Britons too thy Pow'r adore;
Britons hardy, bold and free,
Own thy Laws and yield to thee.
Source of ev'ry heart-felt Joy!
Come, thou roſy dimpled Boy.

Haſte to *Sylvia*, haſte away,
This is thine and *Hymen*'s Day;
Bid her thy ſoft Bondage wear,
Bid her for Love's Rites prepare.
Let the Nymphs with many a Flow'r,
Deck the ſacred nuptial Bow'r;
Thither lead the lovely Fair,
And let *Hymen* too be there;
This is thine and *Hymen*'s Day,
Haſte to *Sylvia*, haſte away.

Only while we love we live;
Love alone can Pleaſure give.
Pow'r, and Pomp, and tinſel State,
Thoſe falſe Pageants of the Great!
Crowns and Scepters, envied Things,
And the Pride of eaſtern Kings,
Are but childiſh empty Toys,
When compar'd to Love's ſweet Joys.
Love alone can Pleaſure give,
Only while we love we live.

SONG

SONG XV.

SAYS *Plato*, why ſhould Man be vain!
Since bounteous Heaven has made him great;
Why does he look with ſuch Diſdain,
On thoſe undeck'd with Wealth or State?
Can coſtly Robes or Beds of Down,
And all the Gems that deck the Fair;
Can all the Glories of a Crown,
Give Health, or eaſe the Brow of Care?

The ſcepter'd King, the burthen'd Slave,
The Humble and the Haughty die;
The Rich, the Poor, the Baſe, the Brave,
In Duſt, without Diſtinction, lie.
Go ſearch the Tombs where Monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt Titles wore;
Their Wealth and Glory is bereft,
And all their Honour is no more.

So flies the Meteor thro' the Skies,
And ſpreads along a gilded Train:
When ſhot, 'tis gone; its Beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common Air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial Souls,
Let Friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our Joy with flowing Bowls,
For when *Jove* calls we muſt away.

SONG XVI.

THE white Sheet bleaching o'er the Hedge,
With hey, the ſweet Birds! Oh! how they ſing!
Doth ſet my progging Tooth on Edge;
For a Pot of Ale is a Diſh for a King.

SONG

SONG XVII.

BELINDA, ſee, from yonder Flow'rs,
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;
Can you perceive what it devours;
Are they impair'd in Show or Smell?

So, tho' I rob you of a Kiſs,
Sweeter than their ambroſial Dew;
Why are you angry at my Bliſs?
Has it at all impoveriſh'd you?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In Spite of your unkind Reſerve,
To keep my famiſh'd Hope alive,
Which Inhumanity would ſtarve.

SONG XVIII.

COME let us all be blythe and gay,
Upon this joyful Bridal Day,
That *Florizel* weds *Perdita*.

And let each Nymph and Shepherd tell,
No happy Pair e'er lov'd ſo well,
As *Perdita* and *Florizel*.

CHORUS.

Sing high, ſing low, ſing ding dong Bell,
No happy Pair e'er lov'd ſo well,
As Perdita *and* Florizel.

SONG XIX.

JOGG on, jogg on the Foot-Path Way,
And merrily bend the Stile—a;
A merry Heart goes all the Day,
Your Sad One tires in a Mile—a.

SONG

SONG XX.

YE Circles of the Fair and Brave,
Who to *Black-Heath* repair,
Who Noiſe, and Duſt, and Buſineſs leave,
To breathe untainted Air;
Lo! here's a Walk, which when you view!
You'll love the Sun and *Mountague*.

The Lark, in Notes of early Morn,
The Thruſh and Linnet ſweet,
The Nightingale, with Breaſt on Thorn,
In warbling Concert meet:
And o'er this Walk their Strains renew,
To praiſe the Sun and *Mountague*.

Let Courtiers bleſs St. *James*'s Rays,
The Drawing-Room and Ball;
Let Belles and Beaux at Playhouſe gaze,
Or gaily trip the *Mall*:
Court, Plays, and *Mall*, farewel to you,
I'll to the Sun and *Mountague*.

SONG XXI.

WILL you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape,
My dainty Duck, my Dear—a?
Any Silk, any Thread, any Toys for your Head,
Of the neweſt and fineſt fine Ware—a?
Come to the Pedlar, Money's a Medler,
That uttereth all Mens Ware—a.

SONG XXII.

LONG had I borne of Love the Pain,
And long in Silence dragg'd his Chain,
With Reſolution ne'er to tell,
The Love I bore to *Iſabel*.

The Fire ſhe kindled in my Breaſt,
Philoſophy would have ſuppreſs'd;
But in that Breaſt Love took its Stand
Triumphant, with a burning Brand.

Dear *Iſabel*, thou much lov'd Maid,
Bring to a bleeding Heart thine Aid;
Thou haſt the Fountain, thou the Power,
To quench a Flame that would devour.

To eaſe me of the bleeding Smart,
To wrench the Dagger from my Heart,
And to apply a Hand divine,
O! Goddeſs of my Soul, is thine.

SONG XXIII.

WHEN firſt I ſaw thee graceful move,
Ah! me, what meant my throbbing Breaſt?
Say, ſoft Confuſion, art thou Love?
If Love thou art, then farewel Reſt.

With gentle Smiles aſſwage the Pain,
Thoſe gentle Smiles did firſt create;
And, though you cannot love again,
In Pity, ah! forbear to hate.

SONG XXIV.

SEE *John* and his Maſter, as together they paſs,
Or ſee them admiring themſelves in a Glaſs;
Each cocks fierce his Hat, each ſtruts and looks big,
Both have Lace on their Coat, and a Bag to their Wig:
Both ſwear and both rattle, both game and both drink,
When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think;
Say then, where the Difference lies, if you can?
Faith, Widows, you'd give it on the Side of the Man.

SONG

SONG XXV.

THE Linnen, by her Fingers preſt,
Convey'd Love's Poiſon to my Breaſt;
My Heart grew hot, I felt the Hurt,
I die, like *Herc'les*——by a Shirt.
Cupid, to wound, took neither Bow nor Dart;
But with her Smoothing-Iron fir'd my Heart.

SONG XXVI.

IF ever, oh! *Hymen*, I add to thy Tribe,
Let ſuch be my Partner my Muſe ſhall deſcribe;
Not in Party too high, nor in Stature too low,
Not the leaſt of a Clown, nor too much of a Beau.

Be his Perſon genteel, and engaging his Air,
His Temper ſtill yielding, his Soul too ſincere;
Not a Dupe to his Paſſion, 'gainſt Reaſon to move,
But kind to the ſweeteſt, the Paſſion of Love.

Let Honour, commendable Pride in the Sex,
His Actions direct and his Principles fix;
No groundleſs Suſpicion muſt he e'er ſurmiſe,
Nor jealouſly read every Look in my Eyes.

If ſuch a bleſt Youth ſhould approve of my Charms,
And no Thought of Intereſt his Boſom alarms;
Then in Wedlock I'll join with a mutual Deſire,
And Prudence ſhall cheriſh the wavering Fire.

Thus Time ſhall glide on unperceiv'd in Decay;
Each Night ſhall be bliſsful, and happy each Day:
Such a Partner, grant Heav'n, with my Pray'r O comply!
Or a Maid let me live, and a Maid let me die.

SONG XXVII.

SHEPHERDS, hear the Voice of *Pan*,
God of Swains, and rural Peace!
I firſt taught the Race of Man,
How to ſhear the woolly Fleece;
How your ſhiv'ring Limbs to fold,
Proofs againſt the Winter's Cold.

SONG XXVIII.

A Band of *Cupids*, t'other Day,
Were in a Myrtle Grove;
'Till tir'd of every boyiſh Play,
They made a Match to rove:
But where cries one, the Chief of all?
Let's fix upon a Place;
Hang *Paphos* and *Olympus'* Hall,
I vote for *Chloe's* Face.

No ſooner ſaid, then off they flew,
And gather'd round the Fair;
As ſwarming Bees on Flowers do,
They ſettled here and there:
Some on her Lips, her Noſe and Chin,
A Score on either Cheek;
While fifty to her Eyes went in,
To play at Hide and Seek.

But Gravity itſelf muſt ſmile,
The Wranglers to have heard,
For Place diſputing all the while,
Tho' each his own prefer'd;
'Till chancing from her Lips to ſlide,
One fell on *Chloe's* Breaſt,
The Urchin then in Triumph cry'd,
Whoſe Station's now the beſt?

SONG

SONG XXIX.

OUR Sheep, trimly ſhorn, enriching the Swain,
As freſh as the Morn, friſk over the Plain;
So the generous Mind that with Bounty o'er-flows,
Feels the Heart grow more light, for the Good it beſtows.

SONG XXX.

LINCO found *Damon* lying,
In Tears upon the Plain;
And, laughing at his crying,
Encreas'd poor *Damon*'s Pain:
Cries *Damon*, Mortal, fly me,
Or by the Pow'r Divine;
Cries *Linco*, don't defy me,
And ſhews a Flask of Wine.

This fooliſh pining Lover,
Will teach thee how to ſtorm;
Thy Gaiety recover,
And make the Maid grow warm;
Come, prithee *Damon*, try it,
'Tis ſov'reign, prithee do;
Damon cou'd not deny it,
He drank full Bumpers two.

Soon *Damon* felt the Liquor,
His Cheeks grew roſy red;
Then *Linco* fill'd out quicker;
'Twas out, they went to Bed:
Next Morning *Damon* ſtraying
To breathe the fragrant Air,
He heard poor *Delia* praying,
A laſt and fervent Pray'r.

Yes, yes, I muſt implore him,
Damon the kind, the true;
Ye Gods, ſhe cry'd, reſtore him,
Elſe Love and Life adieu:
On *Linco*'s Humour thinking,
He ſprung into her Arms;
And, fir'd with laſt Night's Drinking,
Wou'd revel in her Charms.

The Maid deep Crimſon bluſhing,
Reclin'd her Head and ſigh'd,
Whilſt eager *Damon* fluſhing,
Love's ſtrongeſt Efforts try'd:
Ah! whither am I flying,
Her fault'ring Tongue expreſs'd;
Then claſping, panting, ſighing,
They murmur'd all the reſt.

SONG XXXI.

Sung in the Funeral Proceſſion *of* JULIET.

CHORUS.

RISE, riſe, Heart-breaking Sighs,
The Woe-fraught Boſom ſwell;
For Sighs alone, and diſmal Moan,
Should echo *Juliet*'s Knell.

AIR.

She's gone, the ſweeteſt Flow'r of *May*,
That blooming bleſt our Sight;
Thoſe Eyes which ſhone like breaking Day,
Are ſet in endleſs Night!

CHORUS.

Riſe, riſe, &c.

AIR.

AIR.

She's gone, ſhe's gone; nor leaves behind
So fair a Form, ſo pure a Mind:
How couldſt thou, Death, at once deſtroy
The Lover's Hopes, the Parents Joy?

CHORUS.

Riſe, riſe, &c.

AIR.

Thou ſpotleſs Soul, look down below,
Our unfeign'd Sorrow ſee;
Oh! give us Strength to bear our Woe,
To bear the Loſs of thee!

CHORUS.

Riſe, riſe, &c.

SONG XXXII.

WHAT means that tender Sigh, my Dear?
Why ſilent drops that cryſtal Tear?
What jealous Fears diſturb thy Breaſt,
Where Love and Peace delight to reſt?
What tho' thy *Jockey* has been ſeen,
With *Molly* ſporting on the Green;
'Twas but an artful Trick, to prove
The matchleſs Force of *Jenny*'s Love,
The matchleſs Force, &c.

'Tis true, a Noſegay I addreſs'd,
To grace the witty *Daphne*'s Breaſt;
But 'twas at her Deſire, to try
If *Damon* caſt a jealous Eye.
Thoſe Flowers will fade by Morning Dawn,
Neglected, ſcatter'd o'er the Lawn;

But, in thy fragrant Boſom, lies
A ſweet Perfume that never dies,
A ſweet Perfume, &c.

SONG XXXIII.

COLIN.

WITH the Sun have the Lads and the Laſſes aroſe;
Theſe bring the ſweet Roſes, the Jeſſamine thoſe:
In the Church-Yard they wait for to crown thee, my Dear;
Our Friends are all met, and the Parſon is there.

PHILLIS.

Oh! *Colin*, believe me, my Love is ſincere,
But pardon a poor Virgin's innocent Fear;
Since under the Oak-Tree I promis'd to wed,
A Thouſand ſtrange Whimſies have come in my Head.

COLIN.

Sure, *Phillis*, the Love that has faithfully burn'd,
Shall not now with Indifference and Slight be return'd;
What haſt thou to ask, or have I to deny?
My All is thy own; then haſte, *Phillis*, and try.

PHILLIS.

Will you promiſe to bear with the Prattle of Love?
That my Fondneſs ſhall ne'er diſagreeable prove;
That if at the Market too late you ſhould ſtay,
Will you fly to your Wife from the Alehouſe away?

COLIN.

I promiſe you all; and what more wou'd you have?
O make a kind Husband of this your poor Slave;

Then

Then at Market or Fair ſhall thy *Colin* be gay,
But without thee muſt let all his Acres decay.

PHILLIS.

So the Lark, when ſhe wantons it over the Plain,
Flies down to her Mate, and repays all his Pain:
My Doubts are diſpell'd, bid the Village be gay,
For *Colin* ſhall wed his own *Phillis* To-day.

SONG XXXIV.

THERE was a little Man, and he wo'd a little Maid,
And he ſaid little Maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to ſay, than will you, aye or nay?
For little ſaid is ſooneſt mended, &c.

Then reply'd the little Maid, little Sir, you've little ſaid;
To induce a little Maid, to wed, wed, wed:
You muſt ſay a little more, and produce a little Dow'r,
Ere I make a little Print in your Bed, &c.

Then the little Man replied, if you'll be my little Bride,
I'll raiſe my Love a little higher, &c.
Tho' I little love to prate, my little Heart is great,
With the little God of Love all on fire, &c.

Then the little Maid replied, ſhould I be your little Bride,
Pray what ſhall we do for to eat? &c.
Will the Flame that you're ſo rich in ſerve the Fire in the Kitchen,
Or the little God of Love turn the Spit? &c.

Then

Then the little Man he ſigh'd, ſome ſay a little cried,
For his little Breaſt was big with Sorrow, &c.
I am your little Slave, if the Little that I have
Is too little, little Dear I will borrow, &c.

So the little Man ſo genr, made the little Maid relent,
And ſet her little Heart a thinking, &c.
Tho' his Offers were but ſmall, ſhe took his little All,
And could have of a Cat but her Skin, Skin, Skin.

SONG XXXV.

MY fond Shepherds of late were ſo bleſt,
The fair Nymphs were ſo happy and gay,
That each Night they went ſafely to Reſt,
And they merrily ſung thro' the Day:
But, ah! what a Scene muſt appear?
Muſt the ſweet rural Paſtime be o'er?
Shall the Tabor no more ſtrike the Ear?
Muſt the Dance on the Green be no more?

Will the Flocks from the Paſtures be led?
Muſt the Herds go wild ſtraying Abroad?
Shall the Looms be all ſtopp'd in each Shed?
And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road?
Muſt the Arts be all ſcatter'd around?
And ſhall Commerce grow ſick of her Tide?
Muſt Religion expire on the Ground?
And ſhall Virtue ſink down by her Side?

SONG XXXVI.

AS *Nell* ſat underneath her Cow,
Upon a Cock of Hay,
Brisk *John* was coming from the Plough,
And chanc'd to paſs that Way:
Like Light'ning to the Maid he flew,
And by the Hand he ſqueez'd her;
Pray, *John*, ſhe cry'd, be quiet, do;
And frown'd——becauſe he teaz'd her.

Young

Young *Cupid* from his Mother's Knee,
Obſerv'd her Female Pride;
Go on and proſper, *John*, ſaid he,
And I will be your Guide:
He aim'd at *Nelly*'s Breaſt a Dart,
From Pride it ſoon releas'd her;
She faintly cry'd, I feel Love's Smart;
And ſigh'd——becauſe it eas'd her.

John laid himſelf down by her Side,
And ſtole a Kiſs or two;
And Flatt'ry's Charms he alſo try'd,
'Till ſhe the kinder grew:
The Poiſon ſoon began to ſpread,
When in the Nick he ſeiz'd her;
She trembled, bluſh'd, and hung her Head,
Then ſmil'd——becauſe he pleas'd her.

SONG XXXVII.

Sung by Mr. BEARD *and Miſs* YOUNG, *in* The Fatal Marriage.

Miſs YOUNG.

AIR.

LET all, let all be gay,
Begin the rapt'rous Lay;
Let Mirth, let Mirth and Joy,
Each happy Hour employ,
Of this fair bridal Day.

Mr. BEARD.

AIR.

Ye love-wing'd Hours, your Flight,
Your downy Flight prepare;
Bring every ſoft Delight,
To ſooth the Brave and Fair:

Hail,

Hail, happy Pair! thus in each other bleſs'd,
Be ever free from Care, of every Joy poſſeſs'd.

Mr. BEARD *and Miſs* YOUNG.

RECITATIVE.

Take the Bleſſings Gods intend ye,
Grateful meet the proffer'd Joy;
Truth and Honour ſhall attend ye,
Charms that ne'er can change or cloy.

DUETTO.

Mr. BEARD.

O the Raptures of poſſeſſing,
Taking Beauty to thy Arms;

Miſs YOUNG.

O the Joy, the laſting Bleſſing,
When with Virtue Beauty charms.

Mr. BEARD.

Purer Flames ſhall gentle warm ye,

Miſs YOUNG.

Love and Honour both ſhall charm ye.

BOTH.

O the Raptures of poſſeſſing,
Taking Beauty to thy Arms.

CHORUS.

Far from hence be Care and Strife;
Far, each Pang that tortures Life:
May the circling Minutes prove
One ſweet Round of Peace and Love.

SONG

SONG XXXVIII.

NO more, ye Swains, no more upbraid,
A Youth by Love unhappy made;
Your rural Sports are all in vain,
To ſooth my Care, or eaſe my Pain:
Nor Shades of Trees, nor Sweets of Flowers,
Can e'er redeem my happy Hours;
When Eaſe forſakes the tortur'd Mind,
What Pleaſure can a Lover find?

Yet if, indeed, you wiſh to ſee
Your *Damon* ſtill reſtor'd and free;
Go, try to move the cruel Fair,
And gain the ſcornful *Cælia*'s Ear:
But, oh! forbear with too much Art,
To touch that dear relentleſs Heart,
Leſt Rivals to my Fears ye prove,
And Jealouſy ſucceed to Love.

SONG XXXIX.

THE tuneful Choir, in amorous Strains,
Accoſt their feather'd Loves;
While each fond Mate, with equal Pains,
The tender Suit approves.

With chearful Hop from Spray to Spray,
They ſport along the Meads;
In ſocial Bliſs together ſtray,
Where Love or Fancy leads.

Thro' Spring's gay Scenes, each happy Pair,
Their mutual Loves proclaim;
'Till Winter's chilling Blaſts impair,
And damp th' enlivening Flame.

Then all the jocund Scene declines,
Nor Woods, nor Meads delight;
The drooping Tribe in ſecret pines,
And mourns th' unwelcome Sight.

Go, bliſs Warblers, timely wiſe,
Th' inſtructive Moral tell;
Nor thou their meaning Lays deſpiſe,
My charming *Annabell.*

SONG XL.

THE Primroſe now uprears its Head,
The yellow Cowſlip paints the Mead,
The Hyacinth and Vi'let blue,
In all their Gaiety we view;
See *Flora* all her Treaſures bring,
To deck the verdent Top of Spring.

Ev'n *Colin*, as he homeward plods,
Slow pacing o'er his kindred Clods,
Now whiſtles ſhrill a merrier Note,
And tunes to Muſick his rough Throat,
And ſtrives in ruſtick Lays to ſing,
And celebrate the Gueſts of Spring.

Ye Flowers that pleaſe the gazing Eye,
Whoſe charming Bloom will quickly die;
As *Chloe* marks your ſwift Decay,
Thus to the Maid this Leſſon ſay;
Our Charms returning Seaſons bring,
The rural Beauties of the Spring.

Haſte, Zephyr, where the Jeſſ'mine grows,
Go ſteal the Perfume from the Roſe;
Rob ev'ry Flow'r of ev'ry Sweet,
And then my *Chloe* haſte to meet;

In

In Whiſpers tell how ſweet a Thing
Is Love, in Life's delightful Spring.

Then, *Colin*, as thou plod'ſt along,
Be this the Moral of my Song;
How ſoon the fleeting Seaſons end?
How Autumn Fruits on Spring depend?
Tell her to heed the Truth you ſing,
And make the moſt of Life's ſhort Spring.

SONG XLI.

A DIALOGUE.

DAPHNE.

TELL me, *Amyntor*, gentle Swain,
Saw you my Love trip o'er the Plain?
Soon as the Sun brought on the Day,
From yonder Cot he ſtole away.

AMYNTOR.

As I paſs'd thro' that diſtant Vill,
A Wake was kept beneath the Hill;
I heard the echoing Rocks reſound,
For *Strephon* has his *Sylvia* crown'd.

DAPHNE.

Then fly Regard, diſſolve in Air!
For one that's falſe I'll ſcorn to care;
My Heart I'll give ſome better Swain,
Who has a Heart to give again.

AMYNTOR.

Then fix it here; I'll own the Prize,
Amyntor for his *Daphne* dies,
And longs in *Hymen*'s Band to prove
With you, the Joys of mutual Love.

DAPHNE.

Methinks I've heard, or 'tis a Jeſt,
That *Flavia* reigns within your Breaſt;
What Room then for a wretched Maid,
Who is rejected and betray'd?

AMYNTOR.

Flavia, believe me, Yeſter Morn,
Ere Sol had bruſh'd the dewy Thorn,
By *Cynthis* to the Church was led,
Tho' bound to grace my nuptial Bed.

DAPHNE.

Then welcome Shepherd; come away,
My Heart and Hand ſhall both obey:
Whilſt others dare inconſtant prove,
'Till Death forbid, we'll live and love.

SONG XLII.

NIGHT, to Lovers Joys a Friend,
Swiftly thy Aſſiſtance lend;
Lock up envious ſeeing Day,
Bring the willing Youth away:
Haſte and ſpeed the tedious Hour,
To the ſecret happy Bow'r;
Then my Heart for Bliſs prepare;
Thyrſis, ſurely, will be the there.

See! the hateful Day is gone,
Welcome Evening now comes on;
Soon to meet my Dear I fly,
None but Love ſhall then be by:
None ſhall dare to venture near,
To tell the plighted Vows they hear;

Parting thence will be the Pain,
But we'll part to meet again.

Don't you feel a pleaſing Smart
Gently ſtealing to your Heart?
Fondly hope and fondly ſigh,
For my Shepherd oft do I;
Wiſh in *Hymen*'s Bands to join,
I'll be yours, and you be mine:
Tell me, *Thyrſis*, tell me this;
Tell me then; and tell me, yes.

Farewel, loit'ring, idle Day,
To my Dear I hie away;
On the Wings of Love I go,
He the ready Way will ſhow.
Peace, my Breaſt, nor Danger fear,
Love and *Thyrſis* both are near.
'Tis the Youth! I'm ſure 'tis he!
Night, how much I owe to thee!

SONG XLIII.

ONE Morning laſt *May*,
In a pleaſant Highway,
Alone meeting dear *Nancy Connor*;
Being charm'd with her Beauty,
I cry'd, to ſalute ye,
I cannot forbear on my Honour.

At which *Nancy* ſmil'd,
And ſaid the Man's wild,
Whilſt languiſhing I gaz'd upon her;
Then take it, I pray,
For here I can't ſtay,
I cannot upon my Honour.

I begg'd for another,
'Pshaw, what a Pother;
However, still pressing I won her;
'Till I got Half a Score,
And what happen'd more,
I must not relate on my Honour.

SONG XLIV.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN *Bacchus*, jolly God, invites
To revel in his Ev'ning Rites;
In vain his Altar I surround,
Tho' with *Burgundian* Incense crown'd:
No Charms has Wine without the Lass,
'Tis Love gives Relish to the Glass.

AIR.

While all around with jocund Glee,
In Brimmers toast their fav'rite She;
Tho' ev'ry Nymph my Lips proclaim,
My Heart still whispers *Chloe*'s Name:
And thus with me, by am'rous Stealth,
Still ev'ry Glass is *Chloe*'s Health.

SONG XLV.

AH! whence this Impotence of Mind?
Sure Beauty, properly defin'd,
To Learning is a Foe:
Newton and *Pope* neglected lie,
Belinda can no more supply,
The Place of *Nancy Crow*.

Let

Let thoſe who wou'd the Depths explore
Of modern Wit, or antient Lore,
To foreign Climates go;
To me let none propoſe this Taſk,
No Proof of Nature's Force I aſk,
But charming *Nancy Crow*.

Through the ſmooth Surface of the Stream,
When brighten'd by the Morning Beam,
We ſee the Lands below;
Thus in her Face, as ſmooth, as clear,
Enlighten'd by her Eyes, appear
The Thoughts of *Nancy Crow*.

Had Nature now, too careleſs grown,
Each Year the Seeds of Beauty ſown,
Sure Time wou'd not be ſlow;
Since fourteen Summers cou'd produce,
A Plant ſo fair, ſo fit for Uſe,
As charming *Nancy Crow*.

Alas! ſaid *Flora*, with a Tear,
No more my Roſes muſt appear,
No more my Lillies blow;
For, oh! their boaſting Red and White,
Their Softneſs, Fragrance, all unite
In lovely *Nancy Crow*.

Let thoſe who coarſer Nerves ſuſtain,
O'er Hills and Dales, through rough and plain,
Purſue the bleeding Doe;
'Tis mine to chaſe a ſprightly Fair,
Like *Daphne* crown'd, with golden Hair,
Coy, tempting *Nancy Crow*.

SONG XLVI.

THE fragrant Lilly of the Vale,
So elegantly fair,
Whoſe ſweet Perfume, each fanning Gale,
To *Chloe* I compare.

What tho' on Earth it lowly grows,
And ſtrives it's Head to hide;
It's Sweetneſs far outvies the Roſe,
That grows with ſo much Pride.

The coſtly Tulip owes it's Hue,
To many a gaudy Stain;
In this we view the Virgin White
Of Innocence remain.

See how the curious Floriſt's Hand,
Up rears it's humble Head;
And, to preſerve the charming Flow'r,
Tranſplants it to his Bed.

There, while it ſheds it's Sweets around,
How ſhines each modeſt Grace!
Enraptur'd how it's Owner ſtands,
To view it's lovely Face.

But pray, my *Chloe*, now obſerve,
Th' Inference of my Tale;
May I the Floriſt be, and thou
My Lilly of the Vale.

SONG XLVII.

I Have rambled, I own it, whole Years up and down,
And ſigh'd o'er each beautiful Nymph of the Town;
Such Fancies have plagu'd me, that oft in my Life
I've been ready to ſtart at the Name of a Wife,
I've been ready to ſtart at the Name of a Wife.

But

But aſham'd of my Fears that have oft broke my Reſt,
And wearied with roving, both cloy'd and unbleſt,
I'll try to be happy the Reſt of my Life,
And venture tho' late, yet at laſt, on a Wife,
And venture, &c.

Then farewel the Jilt, and the Fool, and the Bold,
I quit you with Pleaſure before I grow old;
One Girl of my Heart I will take to for Life,
And enough of all Conſcience, I hold, is one Wife,
And enough of all, &c.

I'll ſearch the Town over this Fair One to find,
Nor fickle, nor jealous, nor vain, nor unkind,
Whoſe Wit and good Humour may hold out for Life;
And then, if ſhe'll have me, I'll make her my Wife,
And then, &c.

'Tis Time that the Follies of Life had an End,
And ſoon, nay this Inſtant, I'm ready to mend;
What a Wonder there'll be at ſo alter'd a Life?
If you're wiſe, you, like me, will reſolve on a Wife,
If you're wiſe, you, like me, will reſolve on a Wife.

SONG XLVIII.

ADIEU to your Cart and your Plough,
I ſcorn to milk your Cow;
Your Turkeys and Geeſe,
Your Butter and Cheeſe,
Are much below me now:
If e'er I wed,
I'll hold up my Head,
And be a fine Lady, I vow.

SONG XLIX.

AS *Chloe* ply'd her Needle's Art,
A purple Drop the Spear
Made from her heedleſs Finger ſtart,
And from her Eyes a Tear.

Ah! might but *Chloe*, by her Smart,
Be taught but mine to feel;
Mine, caus'd by *Cupid*'s piercing Dart,
More ſharp to me than Steel.

Then I her Needle would adore,
Love's Arrow it ſhould be,
Endu'd with ſuch a ſubtle Power,
To reach her Heart for me.

SONG L.

BELIEVE not, Youth, with Wit or Senſe,
To gain the Heart of Woman;
While they to every Fop diſpenſe
Kind Words and Looks in common.
Tho' *Fanny*'s fair, ſhe's falſe as Air,
True Merit ne'er can win her;
To all but me too kind, too free;
I think the Devil's in her.

I calmly did her Foibles ſhew,
Still urg'd with ſoft Perſuaſion;
In vain I talk'd, nought but a Beau
Engroſs'd her Inclination:
My old Advice I did repeat,
Conſult the Heart within her;
She turn'd to Chat, of this and that;
I think the Devil's in her.

Perplex'd and vex'd, new Schemes I try'd,
And in the Task ſucceeded;
Rigg'd out in all a Coxcomb's Pride,
My Paſſion warmly pleaded:
Ye Gods! how fond, how far beyond
My Wiſh or Expectation!
So mean a Taſte, her Sex diſgrac'd,
The Slave of fickle Faſhion.

SONG LI.

IN *Cupid*'s fam'd School would you take a Decree?
Young Maids, you muſt learn a ſoft Leſſon of me:
Scarce blows on your Cheeks the Roſe of Fifteen,
E'er Love, that falſe Traitor, attacks you unſeen;
To ruin and pleaſe every Method he tries,
A Friend in Pretence, but a Foe in Diſguiſe.

Does your Fancy incline to Wealth, Title, or Dreſs?
Does your Pulſe beat to Pleaſure, or ſink at Diſtreſs?
To your Humour and Taſte he ſtill varies his Dart,
And ſteals thro' your Eyes and your Ears to your Heart:
Beware then, and learn from the Fair Ones of old,
To harden like Trees and like Rivers grow cold.

From the formal grave Dunce, who goes moping all Day;
From the Fop who ſtill prates, but has nothing to ſay;
From the Soldier ſo fierce, juſt arriv'd from the Wars,
Whoſe Tongue runs on Battles, on Dangers and Scars:
From the Rake, who inſults the poor Nymph he betray'd;
From theſe pray, kind *Cupid*, deliver each Maid.

But find out the Lover, whoſe Paſſion can tend
To the Bliſs of your Life, from Beginning to End;

If

If the Stamp of true Merit and Honour he wears,
Away Girls, away with your Doubts and your Fears:
Think why you were made, and reſolve to be kind,
For the Bleſſings you'll give, and the Bleſſings you'll find.

SONG LII.

ONE Morning bright within the Grove,
I met young *Anne* a maying;
Thus Poets paint the Queen of Love,
Their utmoſt Skill diſplaying.
No more our Swains,
In rural Strains,
Sing *Nell*, *Doll*, *Sue*, or *Fanny*;
For *Doll* and *Sue*, *Nell*, *Fanny* too,
Are nothing to my *Nanny*,
Are nothing, &c.

I drop'd my Crook in wild Surprize,
My Heart was in a Flutter;
A Dimneſs ſeiz'd my ſwimming Eyes,
My Tongue could hardly utter.
As Daiſies mean,
Upon the Green,
Appear *Doll*, *Nell*, *Sue*, *Fanny*:
But like the Roſe, ſuperior blows,
Each Charm of blooming *Nanny*,
Each Charm, &c.

I next beheld her at the Wake,
By Crouds of Swains ſurrounded;
Each Shepherd's Heart did throb and ake,
They ſtood with Love confounded:
With envious Eye,
Stood leering by,

Doll,

Doll, *Nell*, *Sue* and *Fanny*;
But mortal Spite, ſhall never blight,
The Bloom of lovely *Nanny*,
The Bloom, &c.

If Words can ſpeak the Heart's Diſtreſs,
They'll tell her how I languiſh;
If frequent Sighs Deſpair expreſs,
Let Sighs declare my Anguiſh:
There's no Relief,
Againſt my Grief,
In *Doll*, *Nell*, *Sue* or *Fanny*:
I ne'er ſhall reſt, 'till to my Breaſt,
I fold my yielding *Nanny*,
I fold my yielding *Nanny*.

SONG LIII.

BID me live, and I will live
Thy conſtant Swain to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving Heart to thee:
A Heart as ſoft, a Heart as kind,
A Heart as ſound and free;
As in the World thou e'er can'ſt find,
That Heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that Heart ſtay, and I will ſtay
To honour thy Decree;
Or bid it languiſh quite away,
All this 'twill do for thee:
Bid me weep, and I will weep,
While I have Eyes to ſee;
And having none, yet will I keep
A Heart to weep for thee.

Bid me deſpair, and I'll deſpair,
Beneath yon Cypreſs Tree ;
Or bid me die, and I will dare,
Even Death itſelf for thee.
Thou art my Love, thou art my Heart,
The very Eyes of me ;
And hath Command in every Part,
To live and die for thee.

SONG LIV.

HARK, the Birds begin their Lay,
Flow'rs deck the Robe of *May* ;
See, the little Lambkins bound,
Playful o'er the Clover Ground :
While the Heifers ſportive low,
Where the yellow Cowſlips blow.

Now the Nymphs and Swains advance
O'er the Lawn, in feſtive Dance ;
Garlands, from the Hawthorn Bough,
Grace the happy Shepherds Brow :
While the Laſſes in Array,
Wait upon the Queen of *May*.

Innocence, Content and Love,
Fill the Meadows and the Grove ;
Mirth, that never wears a Frown ;
Health, with Sweetneſs all her own :
Labour puts on Pleaſure's Smile,
And pale Care forgets his Toil.

Ah ! what Pleaſure Shepherds know,
Monarchs cannot ſuch beſtow ;
Love improves each happy Hour,
Grandeur has not ſuch in Store :
Learn Ambition, learn from hence,
Happineſs is Innocence.

SONG LV.

PLUTUS, vain is all your vaunting,
Wit muſt Life with Bliſs ſupply;
Gold, alas! ſhould Wit be wanting,
Would not find a Joy to buy.
Wit alone creates the Bleſſing,
Which exchang'd for Gold you ſhare;
Steril Gold alone poſſeſſing,
What has Man but Gloom and Care?

Wit of ev'ry Art Deviſer,
Ev'ry Paſſion can controul;
Can to Pity move the Miſer,
Can with Mirth dilate the Soul:
Gold itſelf, on Wit depending,
Thence derives its utmoſt Power:
Folly, all profuſely ſpending;
Folly hoarding all, is poor.

SONG LVI.

THE Lark's ſhrill Notes awake the Morn,
The Breezes wave the ripen'd Corn;
The yellow Harveſt, ſafe from Spoil,
Rewards the happy Farmer's Toil:
The flowing Bowl ſucceeds the Flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund Tale.

SONG LVII.

THE Flame of Love ſincere I felt,
And ſcreen'd the Paſſion long;
A Tyrant in my Soul it dwelt,
But Awe ſuppreſt my Tongue:

At length I told the deareſt Maid,
My Heart was fix'd upon her;
But think not I can love, ſhe ſaid,
Not I, upon my Honour.

The Heart that once is roving caught,
The prudent Nymph diſtruſts;
And muſt it, for a youthful Fault,
Be ever deem'd unjuſt?
So *Celia* judg'd, ſo Senſe decreed,
And bad me ſtill to ſhun her;
Your Suit, ſhe ſaid, won't here ſucceed;
It won't, upon my Honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
I with a Sigh confeſs;
But thou, who can'ſt the Rake reclaim,
My new-born Paſſion bleſs:
Had ev'ry Nymph like *Celia* prov'd,
I could not have undone her;
On thee, bright Maid, thou beſt belov'd,
I doat, upon my Honour.

Awhile the Fair my Suit repreſt,
My Conſtancy to prove;
Then, with a Bluſh, Conſent expreſt,
And bleſt me with her Love:
To Church I led the blooming Fair,
Enraptur'd that I'd won her;
And now Life's ſweeteſt Joys we ſhare;
We do, upon my Honour.

SONG. LVIII.

AT length, ye Gods, you bring Relief,
At length each Care remove;
At once you diſſipate my Grief,
By ſending her I love.

My

My Soul ſhall now contented reſt,
No Fears my Peace deſtroy;
Belinda comes, to chear my Breaſt,
To give me every Joy.

Tho' abſent many a ted'ous Hour,
Excluded from my View;
Abſence diminiſh'd not her Power,
Her Merit fix'd me true.

O grant, ye Gods, my ardent Prayer,
Nor let me crave in vain,
Be my *Belinda* all thy Care,
May ſhe each Wiſh obtain.

Continual Joys around her wait,
Be Virtue ſtill her Guard;
When call'd from Earth, by Time and Fate,
Be Heav'n her laſt Reward.

SONG LIX.

LET others *Damon*'s Praiſe rehearſe,
Or *Collin*'s at their Will;
I mean to ſing in ruſtic Verſe,
Of *Strephon* of the Hill.

As o'er the Lawn, the other Day,
I went to yonder Mill;
I met, ſo bonny and ſo gay,
My *Strephon* of the Hill.

No powder'd Smart that tends the Fair,
The tedious Day to kill,
For Spruceneſs ever can compare,
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

Once as I ſet beneath a Shade,
Beſide the purling Rill,
Who ſhould my Solitude invade,
But *Strephon* of the Hill.

The Shepherd vow'd his Love ſincere,
And urg'd his Paſſion ſtill;
So I to Church ſtraight did repair
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

And now in *Hymen*'s Bands we're join'd,
I govern at my Will;
For ſure no Swain was e'er ſo kind,
As *Strephon* of the Hill.

SONG LX.

WHILE on my *Collin*'s Knee I ſit,
Lur'd by thy Voice, charm'd with thy Wit,
My panting Heart true Meaſure beats,
And gladly every Sigh repeats:
I ſigh with Joy, that thou may'ſt ſee,
I ſympathize in all with thee.

No matter how the Ice was broke,
Or whether you or I firſt ſpoke;
Who only barter Love for Love,
The Niceneſs of the Paſſion prove;
For oft Ingratitude we give,
And ſometimes gen'rouſly receive.

Levell'd by Love, let neither try
To fix Superiority;
Since all the kind, the fond Conteſt,
Of whether you or I love beſt,
Like heedleſs touching a wrong Key,
But jars the Sound of Harmony.

SONG

SONG LXI.

DOES the languid Soul complain?
Virtuous Love ſhall chaſe the Pain:
Or if Love would Truth attend,
Honour ſhould be Virtue's Friend.

Glory is not half ſo fair,
As bright Virtue's riſing Star;
Female Truth with Senſe combin'd,
Wins and claims the gen'rous Mind.

SONG LXII.

WHAT is he gone? and can it be?
And is ſhe then more fair than me?
The Sight of her might give me Pain;
Bring her not near me, fickle Swain:
And ſince that you can leave me ſo,
Go, get you gone for ever, go.

Oh! I in Rage would madly tear,
This gaudy Ribbon from my Hair;
Theſe hated Gifts I'd have him take,
I'll wear no Baubles for his Sake:
I ſcorn the Gifts, and Hand untrue,
For her they well enough may do.

How near was I when, with a Kiſs,
He ask'd my Heart to anſwer, yes;
To hear him at the Altar ſay
Vows, he'd have broke the ſooneſt Day:
There he may love and take his Fill,
And ſwear to her juſt what he will.

A Rival's Pow'r I now defy;
She may be bleſt, and ſo will I:

Before 'tis long I'm ſure to find,
A Swain more ſuited to my Mind:
Then farewel, *Florio*, now for good;
I would not have you, if I cou'd.

SONG LXIII.

YOUNG *Molly*, who lives at the Foot of the Hill,
Whoſe Fame ev'ry Virgin with Envy does fill;
Of Beauty is bleſt with ſo ample a Share,
That Men call her the Laſs with the delicate Air.

One Evening, laſt *May*, as I travers'd the Grove,
In thoughtleſs Retirement, not dreaming of Love;
I chanced to ſpy the gay Nymph, I declare,
And really ſhe'd got a moſt delicate Air.

By a murmuring Brook on a green moſſy Bed,
A Chaplet compoſing, the Fair One was laid;
Surpriz'd and tranſported I could not forbear,
With Raptures to gaze on her delicate Air.

For that Moment young *Cupid* ſelected a Dart,
And pierc'd, without Pity, my innocent Heart;
And from thence how to gain the dear Maid was my Care,
For, a Captive I fell to her delicate Air.

When ſhe ſaw me, ſhe bluſh'd, and complain'd I was rude,
And begg'd of all Things that I would not intrude;
I anſwer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the Blame on her delicate Air.

Said, her Heart was the Prize which I ſought to obtain,
And hop'd that ſhe'd give it to eaſe my fond Pain:

She

She neither rejected, nor granted my Prayer,
But fir'd all my Soul with her delicate Air.

A thouſand Times ſince I've repeated my Suit,
But ſtill the Tormentor affects to be mute:
Then tell me, ye Swains, who have conquer'd the Fair,
How to win the dear Laſs with the delicate Air.

SONG LXIV.

IN penſive Mood, the Queen of Love
Devis'd ſome new Delight to prove;
'Twas then ſhe fram'd the balmy Kiſs,
An Emblem of immortal Bliſs.
Rich Floods of Fragrance firſt ſhe pours,
Sav'd from Ambroſia's breathing Showers;
Then bluſhing Roſes ſhed their Spoil,
And Vi'lets mingle in the Toil.

The luſcious Mixture to improve,
Hither the wily God of Love,
Brought with ſwift Wing the honey'd Store,
Nor yet unhurt the Prize he bore.
Soft *Phebe* lent an willing Hand,
And, at the *Cyprian* Queen's Command,
The Nectar of *Olympus* flow'd,
Her Orders blooming Health beſtow'd.

Fond glowing Smiles the Bliſs refine,
A thouſand, thouſand Graces join;
With theſe her Ceſtus *Venus* blends,
And ſo the Work celeſtial ends.
Now pants thy Heart the Bliſs to try?
On *Polly*'s Lips the Raptures lie;
None *Venus* ſaw beneath the Skies,
So worthy the delicious Prize.

SONG

SONG LXV.

THINK what the hopeleſs Virgin proves,
Who loves in vain, yet fondly loves;
While Modeſty and Female Pride,
The ſlighted Paſſion ſeek to hide.

For, oh! in vain the Sigh's repreſt,
That ſtruggling heaves her anxious Breaſt;
In vain the falling Tear's with-held,
The conſcious Wiſh in vain repell'd.

Her faded Cheeks, and Air forlorn,
Coarſe Jeſts invite, and cruel Scorn;
To hopeleſs Love ſhe falls a Prey,
And waſtes in ſilent Grief away.

SONG LXVI.

WITH thoughtful Pace, alone he ſtray'd,
Along the ſtill ſequeſter'd Glade;
He ſtray'd, nor caſt his Eyes above,
But ſigh'd in Solitude for Love.

Tripping then within his View,
All my wanton Train I drew;
Sprightly Meaſures while we play'd,
Each a thouſand Charms diſplay'd.

SONG LXVII.

SMILING Hope, a Cherub bright,
Smiling Hope is Virtue's Gueſt;
Soothing Anguiſh to delight,
Healing ſoon the wounded Breaſt.

Joy ſucceeds to Sorrow paſt,
Give the beating Heart to Joy;
Virtue's Joy ſhall ever laſt,
Ever laſt and never cloy.

SONG LXVIII.

A DIALOGUE.

LOVEL.

WHILE my Charmer ſeem'd unkind,
What Deſpair poſſeſs'd my Mind!
How cou'd you, my Deareſt, ſo grieve me?

HARRIOT.

Was you ſuch a Fool to believe me,
When I wept, vow'd and pray'd;
When I wiſh'd to die a Maid?

LOVEL.

Can you marvel at my Pain,
When your Lips were all Diſdain;
All Hopes to my Paſſion denying?

HARRIOT.

But always my Heart was more complying:
Had you look'd but in my Eyes,
You had found the faint Diſguiſe.

LOVEL.

How grateful the Harbour, when Tempeſts have toſs'd!

HARRIOT.

True Love grows the ſtronger, the more it is croſs'd.

LOVEL.

His Cares all over,

HARRIOT.

May every Lover,

BOTH.

BOTH.

Of Merit, and Truth, and ſoft Ardour poſſeſt,
Be as kindly deceiv'd, and as bounteouſly bleſt.
His Cares all over,
May every Lover, &c.

SONG LXIX.

A Gard'ner is a noble Trade,
No Arms ſo ancient as the Spade;
Tho' Kings with Title make a Stir,
Their Grandſire was a Gardener.

SONG LXX.

NO more, ye Swains, upbraid
A Youth, by Love unhappy made;
Your rural Sports are all in vain
To ſooth my Care, or eaſe my Pain;
Nor Shades of Trees, nor Sweets of Flowers,
Can e'er redeem my happy Hours;
When Eaſe forſakes the tortur'd Mind,
Where can a Lover Pleaſure find?

Yet if, indeed, you wiſh to ſee,
Your *Damon* ſtill reſtor'd and free;
Go try to move the cruel Fair,
And gain the ſcornful *Celia*'s Ear:
But, oh! forbear with too much Art,
To touch that dear relentleſs Heart;
Leſt Rivals to my Fears ye prove,
And Jealouſy ſucceed to Love.

SONG

SONG LXXI.

PARENT Divine of heavenly Love,
Propitious to thy Vot'ry prove;
Thy ſacred Influence impart,
And teach me to diſcloſe my Heart.

That its fond Languiſhing diſplay'd,
May gently move the pitying Maid;
And Muſick Love-taught Powers reveal,
What Fear forbids my Tongue to tell.

O let that pure, that living Fire,
Which warms my Soul with ſoft Deſire;
In artleſs genuine Truth expreſt,
Raiſe equal Ardours in her Breaſt.

Creep ſoftly thro' each tender Part,
And melt to Sympathy her Heart;
So ſhall the grateful Muſe repay
Thy Power, which firſt attain'd her Lay.

SONG LXXII.

WHILE *Damon* whiſtles o'er the Plain,
So happy and ſo gay,
And thoughtleſs ſings the merrieſt Strain,
While Nymphs attend the Lay.

Forgetful of his former Care,
He ſeeks to charm anew;
And to ſome happy Rival fair,
Vows ever to be true.

How can he then mourn Pleaſures paſt,
And ſadly ſeem to tell,
His Griefs will ever fondly laſt,
Yet play the Cheat ſo well?

Could I, like *Damon*, fickle prove,
My Heart might reſt again;
But he ſtill laughs at me and Love,
And faſter holds my Chain.

No longer then, ye thoughtleſs Fair,
Believe the artful Cheat;
For you alone he ſets the Snare,
And forms it of Deceit.

Truſt me, the Tale who beſt can prove,
By ſad Experience wiſe:
Each may by Turns obtain his love,
But none can keep the Prize.

SONG LXXIII.

YE Shepherds, ye Nymphs, and ye Swains,
No more chant the ſweet rural Lay;
No more lead the Flocks on the Plains,
For, lo! my dear Love's gone aſtray.
My honeſt and free open Heart,
Unpractis'd in Arts to deceive,
The Dictates of Love would impart,
I'd vow and ſhe would believe.

She was innocent, blith, gay, and young,
Oh! how ſoft on my Breaſt would ſhe lie;
How oft my ſoft Paſſion I've ſung,
While my Flocks were a Sporting hard by.
Weep, weep Day and Night, Nymph and Swain,
Since by Fate we are doomed at laſt
To indulge preſent Grief, and in vain
To think on the Happineſs paſt.

SONG LXXIV.

SEE *Belinda*, fair as Morning,
With her flying Steps advance;
And, *Diana* like, adorning
The gay Mazes of the Dance.

Her each Attitude how charming,
With what Grace ſhe ſwims around;
Sweetly every Senſe alarming,
All are in her Fetters bound.

Her inchanting Form ſurveying,
We a thouſand Beauties trace;
Bands of little *Cupids* playing,
Dart new Luſtre o'er her Face.

Happy, who the Nymph poſſeſſing,
On her Boſom fondly ſighs;
Were ſhe mine, how vaſt the B'eſſing!
Kings might envy ſuch a Prize.

SONG LXXV.

SING all ye Muſes, your Lutes ſtrike around;
When a Soldier's the Story, what Tongue can want Sound?
Who Danger diſdains,
Wounds, Bruiſes and Pains,
When the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains.
Rich Profit comes eaſy in Cities of Store,
But the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do roar:
Yet ſee how they run at the Storming a Town,
Through Blood, and through Fire, to take the Half-Moon;
They ſcale the high Wall,
Whence they ſee others fall,

Their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory purſuing;
Tho' Death's under Foot, and the Mine is juſt blowing:
It ſprings up—they fly;
Yet more will ſupply,
As Bridegrooms to marry, they haſten to die;
'Till Fate claps her Wings,
And the glad Tyding brings,
Of the Breach being enter'd, and then they're all Kings.
Then happy ſhe, whoſe Face,
Can win a Soldier's Grace;
They range about in State,
Like Gods diſpoſing Fate:
No Luxury in Peace,
Or Pleaſure in Exceſs,
Can parallel the Joys their martial Hero crown,
When fluſh'd with Rage, and forc'd by Want, he ſtorms a wealthy Town.

SONG LXXVI.

SOUND, ſound aloud, triumphant Fame;
Royal *George*'s Name proclaim,
In ever glorious Lays:
Stand in the Centre of the Earth,
Call all the World to join our Mirth,
And celebrate his Praiſe.

SONG LXXVII.

THE Nymph that I lov'd was as bonny and gay,
And as ſweet as the bloſſoming Hawthorn in *May*;
Her Temper was ſmooth as the Down on the Dove,
And her Face was as fair as the Mother of Love.

Tho' mild as the pleaſanteſt Zephyr that ſheds,
And receives gentle Odours from Violet Beds,
Yet warm in Perfection as *Phœbus* at Noon,
And as chaſte as the ſilver white Beams of the Moon.

Her

Her Mind was unſullied as new-fallen Snow,
Yet as lovely as Tints from young *Iris*'s Bow;
As clear as the Spring, and as deep as the Flood:
She, tho' witty, was wiſe; and tho' beautiful, good.

The Sweets that each Virtue or Grace had in Store,
She cull'd, as the Bee does the Bloom of each Flower:
Which treaſur'd for me, O! how happy was I?
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

SONG LXXVIII.

SUBJECTED to the Power of Love,
By *Nell*'s reſiſtleſs Charms;
The Fancy fix'd, no more can rove,
Or fly Love's ſoft Alarms.

Gay *Damon* had the Skill to ſhun
All Traps by *Cupid* laid,
Until his Freedom was undone,
By *Nell*, the conquering Maid.

But who can ſtand the Force of Love,
When ſhe reſolves to kill?
Her ſparkling Eyes Love's Arrows prove,
And wounds us with our Will.

O happy *Damon!* happy Fair!
What *Cupid* has begun,
May Faith and *Hymen* take the Care
To ſee it fairly done.

SONG LXXIX.

FILL your Glaſſes, baniſh Grief,
Laugh and worldly Cares deſpiſe:
Sorrow ne'er can bring Relief;
Joy from drinking will ariſe.

Why ſhould we with wrinkled Care,
Change what Nature made ſo fair?
Drink, and ſet your Hearts at Reſt,
Of a bad Bargain make the Beſt.

Some purſue the winged Wealth,
Some to Honour do aſpire;
Give me Freedom, give me Health,
There's the Sum of my Deſire.
What the World can more preſent,
Will not add to my Content;
Drink, and ſet your Minds at Reſt,
Quiet of Mind is always beſt.

Buſy Brains, we know, alas!
With Imaginations run
Like Sand in the Hour-Glaſs,
Turn'd and turn'd and ſtill runs on;
Never knowing when to ſtay,
But uneaſy every Way;
Drink, and ſet your Hearts at Reſt,
Peace of Mind is always beſt.

Mirth, when mingled with our Wine,
Makes the Heart alert and free;
Let it Rain, or Snow, or ſhine,
Still the ſame Thing 'tis with me.
There's no Fence againſt our Fate,
Changes daily on us wait;
Drink, and ſet your Hearts at Reſt,
Of a bad Bargain make the Beſt.

SONG LXXX.

DEAR *Chloe*, come give me ſweet Kiſſes,
For ſweeter no Girl ever gave;
But why, in the midſt of my Bliſſes,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?

I'm

I'm not to be ſtinted in Pleaſure;
Then prithee, dear *Chloe*, be kind;
For ſince I love thee beyond Meaſure,
To Numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the Bees that on *Hybla* are playing,
Count the Flow'rs that enamel the Fields,
Count the Flocks that on *Tempe* are ſtraying,
Or the Grain that fair *Sicily* yields;
Count how many Stars are in Heaven,
Go number the Sands on the Shore;
And when ſo many Kiſſes you've given,
I ſtill ſhall be asking for more.

To a Heart full of Love let me hold thee;
A Heart which, dear *Chloe*, is thine;
In my Arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
And twiſt round thy Neck like a Vine.
What Joy can be greater this is!
My Life on thy Lips ſhall be ſpent;
But the Wretch who can number his Kiſſes,
Will always with few be content.

SONG LXXXI.

NOW *Hymen* lights the Torch of Love,
Your happy Sate's began;
And Heav'n alone your Choice approves,
Be you the happy Man.

Cheriſh your blooming Bride each Day,
With Love celeſtial pure;
All earthly Beauties fade, decay,
But heav'nly Minds endure.

Sweet Peace and Concord bleſs the Pair,
By Providence made one;
All Harmony be center'd here,
Nor Diſcord ever known.

May ye prove fruitful as the Vine,
Be bleſt with hopeful Heirs,
To comfort you in Life's Decline,
And t'alleviate your Cares.

Live you their num'rous Race to ſee,
Moſt dutiful and wiſe,
Grow up to full Maturity,
With them and theirs rejoice.

May Plenty bleſs your lateſt Days;
In perfect Health be found
Sounding your great Creator's Praiſe,
'Till with his Glory crown'd.

SONG LXXXII.

FAIREST of the Female Kind,
Of Worth poſſeſs'd and Beauty join'd,
Forgive the Bard, who rudely ſings
A Subject worthy *Phœbus'* Strings.

Amongſt a Bed of Daiſies py'd,
As once I wander'd, I eſpy'd
A Roſe, ſweet Flower! worthy Fame,
So like my deareſt Fair One's Name.

Awhile I gaz'd, but ſoon it's Head
I pluck'd from off it's dainty Bed;
Some Time it to my Lip I preſs'd,
Then bid it grace my *Roſe*'s Breaſt.

Thrice

Thrice happy Flow'r! doom'd to blow
Under that Breaſt more white than Snow;
And there beneath thoſe Eyes to live,
Which Death alone to others give.

SONG LXXXIII.

SEE where *Phillis*, ever ſprightly,
Trips it on the daiſied Green;
The kindred Graces
Direct her Paces,
As Wood Nymph lightly,
Such a Beauty ne'er was ſeen.

To deck her, Wreaths of Pinks and Lilies,
Fond I rove in yonder Plains,
Where Bands advancing,
And gaily dancing,
My artleſs *Phillis*
Choſe me from among the Swains.

Hence fierce jealous Pangs ariſing,
Rivals aim'd at me a Dart:
But ſhe ſo charms me,
Nought alarms me;
And them deſpiſing,
Take they the World, ſo I've her Heart.

SONG LXXXIV.

HELLENA, with affecting Mien,
Tries all the Power of Art;
Yet finds her Efforts all in vain,
To gain a ſingle Heart.

Hellena's haughty Air deſtroys
What native Charms inſpire;
While *Polly*'s artleſs ſhining Eyes,
Set all the World on Fire.

Hellena

Hellena may our Pity move,
But *Polly* gives us Pain;
And, while ſhe ſmiles us into Love,
Her Siſter frowns in vain.

SONG LXXXV.

AS *Thyrſis* reclin'd by her Side he lov'd beſt,
With a Sigh her ſoft Hand to his Boſom he he preſs'd,
While his Paſſion he breath'd in the Grove:
As the Bird to his Neſt ſtill returns for Repoſe,
As back to its Fountain the conſtant Stream flows,
So true and unchang'd is my Love.

If e'er this Heart roves or revolts from it's Chains,
May *Ceres* in Rage quit the Vallies and Plains;
May *Pan* his Protection deny:
In vain would young *Phillis* and *Laura* be kind,
On the Lips of another no Raptures I find;
With thee, as I've liv'd, ſo I'll die.

More ſtill had he ſworn, but the Queen of the *May*,
Young *Jenny* the Wanton, by Chance, paſs'd that Way,
And ſought ſweet Repoſe in the Shade:
With Sorrow, young Lovers, I tell the ſad Tale,
The Laſs was alluring, the Shepherd was frail,
And forgot ev'ry Vow he had made.

To comfort the Nymph, and her Loſs to ſupply,
In the Form of *Alexis*, young *Cupid* drew nigh,
Of Shepherds the Envy and Pride:
Ah! blame not the Maid, if o'ercome by his Truth,
Her Hand and her Heart ſhe beſtow'd on the Youth,
And next Morning beheld her his Bride.

Learn

Learn rather from *Sylvia*'s Example, ye Fair,
That a pleaſing Revenge ſhould take Place of Deſpair,
Give Sorrow and Care to the Wind:
If faithful the Swain, to his Paſſion be true;
If falſe, ſeek Redreſs from a Lover that's new,
And pay each Inconſtant in Kind.

SONG LXXXVI.

THE World, my dear *Mira*, is full of Deceit,
And Friendſhip a Jewel we ſeldom can meet;
How ſtrange does it ſeem that in ſearching all round,
This Source of Content is ſo rare to be found?
O Friendſhip! thou Balm and rich Sweetner of Life,
Kind Parent of Eaſe, and Compoſer of Strife;
Without thee, alas! what are Riches and Pow'r?
But empty Deluſions, the Joys of an Hour.

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is, a Friend,
On whom we may always with Safety depend;
Our Joys, when extended, will always encreaſe,
And Griefs, when divided, are huſh'd into Peace.
When *Fortune* is ſmiling, what Crowds will appear
Their Kindneſs to offer, and Friendſhip ſincere?
Yet change but the Proſpect, and point out Diſtreſs,
No longer to court you they eagerly preſs.

SONG LXXXVII.

LET the Tempeſt of War be heard from afar,
While the Trumpet's ſhrill Clangor alarms;
Let the Vallies around, with Echo reſound,
And a terrible Claſhing of Arms.

Let Rivers of Blood run down with the Flood,
While Mortals are gaſping for Breath;
Let the Brave, if they will, love Honour and Skill,
Seek Glory and Conqueſt in Death.

To

To live ſole and retire, is all my Deſire,
With my Flocks and my *Chloe* poſſeſs'd ;
For with them we obtain true Peace without Pain,
And a laſting Enjoyment of Reſt.

In a Cottage or Cell, where Shepherds do dwell,
In Innocence, Freedom and Eaſe ;
We lead peaceable Lives, who are bleſs'd with good Wives,
That ſtudy their Husbands to pleaſe.

What Bleſſings below can Heav'n beſtow,
Excelling ſuch Quiet as this?
No Affliction comes here, no Griefs interfere,
To leſſen our Meaſure of Bliſs.

SONG LXXXVIII.

A Man that's neither high nor low
In Party or in Stature,
A Rake, a Rattle, or a Beau,
And One unus'd to flatter.
Let him not be a learned Fool,
Who nods o'er muſty Books ;
Who eats and drinks and lives by Rule,
And weighs our Words and Looks.

Let him be eaſy, free and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd ;
Have ſomething always ſmart to ſay,
Yet ſilent when requir'd.
Let him be rich, not covetous,
Nor gen'rous to Exceſs ;
Willing that I ſhould keep the Purſe,
And pleaſe myſelf in Dreſs.

A little

A little Courage let him have,
From Inſults to protect me,
Provided he is not too brave,
As e'er to contradict me.
Ten Thouſand Pounds a Year I like,
But if it ſo much can't be,
You Seven from the Ten may take,
I'll be content with Three.

His Face, no matter if 'tis plain,
But let it not be fair;
The Man is ſure my Heart to gain,
Who can with this compare:
And if ſome Lord ſhould chance to agree
With this above Deſcription,
Tho' I'm not fond of Quality,
It ſhall be no Objection.

SONG LXXXIX.

FROM the Man whom I love, tho' my Heart I diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the Wretch I deſpiſe;
And if he has Senſe but to balance a Straw,
He will ſure take a Hint from the Picture I draw.

A Wit, without Senſe; without Fancy, a Beau;
Like a Parrot he chatters, and ſtruts like a Crow:
A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Baboon,
In Courage a Hind, in Conceit a Gaſcoon.

As a Vulture rapacious, in Falſhood a Fox;
Inconſtant as Waves, and unfeeling as Rocks:
As a Tyger ferocious, perverſe as a Hog;
In Miſchief an Ape, and in fawning a Dog.

In a Word, to ſum up all his Talents together,
His Heart is of Lead, and his Brains are of Feather;
Yet if he has Senſe but to balance a Straw,
He will ſure take a Hint from the Picture I draw.

SONG XC.

IN Purſuit of a Laſs that was form'd to my Taſte,
What Pains did I take, and what Time did I waſte
In vain did I ramble o'er Country and Town,
'Till Chance introduc'd me to dear *Betty Brown*,
'Till Chance, &c.

Such a Shape, ſuch an Air, ſuch a Mien, ſuch a Face
She ſmil'd with ſuch Sweetneſs, convers'd with ſuch Grace;
A Forehead unus'd to a Wrinkle or Frown,
Preſides o'er the Face of my dear *Betty Brown*,
Preſides o'er the Face, &c.

When firſt I beheld her my Heart was inflam'd,
And thrill'd with a Rapture that cannot be nam'd;
Ye Gods! what is Wealth? what is Fame or Renown?
Compar'd with the Charms of my dear *Betty Brown*,
Compar'd with the Charms, &c.

Tho' her Perſon has Beauties beyond all Compare,
Of Virtue her Mind has a much better Share;
Let others Ambition extend to a Crown,
I ask, O ye Gods! but my dear *Betty Brown*,
I ask, O ye Gods! &c.

Oh! let me this charming dear Creature poſſeſs;
No more I requeſt, nor can ask any leſs:
From the Summit of Hope let me not tumble down;
Ye Gods give me Death, or my dear *Betty Brown*,
Ye Gods give me Death, or my dear *Betty Brown*.

SONG XCI.

STREPHON long doated on *Phœbe* the Fair,
Whoſe Heart of his Anguiſh did ſecretly ſhare;
But fearing his Paſſion wou'd changeable prove,
She prudently check'd the ſoft Dictates of Love.

The Beauties you fancy, the Fair One would ſay,
Are Charms of a Moment and doom'd to decay;
Love founded ſo ſlightly can never prove true,
The Bloom diſappearing, the Paſſion dies too.

O wrong not your Beauty, reply'd the fond Swain,
Its laſting Impreſſion will ever remain;
Tho' Age, like the Winter, may blaſt thy fair Prime,
Yet Virtue, ſtill blooming, gains Vigour by Time.

The Strength of my Eyes, with your Charms will decline,
Nor gaze at a Face that is younger than thine;
While this faithful Heart, ever true to my Vow,
Preſerves thy dear Image as bright as 'tis now.

Then baniſh, dear *Phœbe*, each Doubt and each Fear,
That makes fancy'd Evils like real appear;
The ſwift flying Moments with Ardour improve,
And grant the Reward that is due to my Love.

Kind *Phœbe* aſſenting, believ'd the fond Youth,
Who prov'd that his Paſſion was founded on Truth:
Tho' envious Age may her Beauty impair,
Her Virtue and Honour will ever be fair.

SONG XCII.

O The pleaſing, pleaſing Joys,
Which in Woman we poſſeſs;
O the Raptures which ariſe!
They alone have Power to bleſs.

Beauty ſmiling,
Wit beguiling,
Kindneſs charming,
Fancy warming,
Kiſſing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the Raptures which ariſe!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing Joys.

SONG XCIII.

ATTEND, ye Nymphs, while I impart,
The ſecret Wiſhes of my Heart;
And tell the Swain, if one there be,
Whom Fate deſigns for Love and me.

Let Reaſon o'er his Thoughts preſide;
Let Honour all his Actions guide;
Stedfaſt in Virtue let him be,
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

Let ſolid Senſe inform his Mind,
With pure Good-Nature ſweetly join'd;
Sure Friend to modeſt Merit be,
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

Where Sorrow prompts the penſive Sigh;
Where Grief bedews the dropping Eye;
Melting in Sympathy I ſee,
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

Let ſordid Av'rice claim no Part
Within his tender generous Heart:
Oh! be that Heart from Falſhood free,
Devoted all to Love and me.

SONG XCIV.

WELL, if I continue but in the ſame Mind,
I never ſhall wed, I proteſt;
There's ſomething ſo ſhocking in all the Male Kind,
That bad my Thoughts pictur'd the beſt.

TheNymphs would perſuade, and talk 'till they vex,
Love's Lure to catch Youth in the Prime;
Why, if one muſt once like the oppoſite Sex,
I think Seventeen the right Time.

They tell it as ſtrange, I ſhould be ſo annoy'd
At Men, who were meant for our Good:
But what's in one's Nature we cannot avoid;
I'd be in the Mode, if I cou'd.

The Shepherds all wonder that from them I fly,
If ſeen o'er the Plain as I go:
Why ſtill let them wonder at Diſtance, ſay I,
The Men ſhould be always kept ſo.

Young *Collin* declares my Averſion's a Joke,
And thinks in my Heart to ſucceed;
For Woman, he ſays, never thought as ſhe ſpoke;
He's mighty obliging indeed.

He caught me juſt now; and, it came in his Head,
To kiſs me, but from him I tore;
Yet really believe, had he done as he ſaid,
He could not have frighten'd me more.

I hope that ſuch Freedoms he'll ne'er again uſe,
My fixt Reſolution to try;
For, oh! I am certain I ſhall not refuſe——
I mean, that I ſhall not comply.

SONG XCV.

O Thou! for whom my Lyre I ſtring,
Of whom I daily ſpeak and ſing;
Thou conſtant Object of my Joys,
Whoſe Sweetneſs ev'ry Wiſh employs;
Thou deareſt of thy Sex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the Poet's flatt'ring Strain,
No idle Praiſe my Verſe ſhall ſtain;
The lovely Numbers ſhall impart,
The faithful Dictates of my Heart;
Nor humble Modeſty offend,
To join the Lover and the Friend.

Whole Years I ſtrove againſt the Flame,
And ſuffer'd Ills that want a Name;
Yet ſtill the painful Secret kept,
And to my Self in Silence wept,
'Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

Sick with Deſpair and mad with Pain,
I ſeek for Happineſs in vain;
Then, lovely Maid, to thee I cry,
Heal me with Kindneſs, or I die;
Or force your Heart a Sigh to ſend,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

I ſaw that ſtill your gen'rous Heart,
In all my Sorrows bore a Part;
Yet, while your Eyes with Pity flow'd,
No Words of Hope your Tongue beſtow'd;
But mildly bad me ceaſe to blend
The Name of Lover with the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I ſtrive
To keep a dying Hope alive;
This laſt ſad Remedy remains,
'Tis Abſence that muſt cure my Pains;
Thy Image from my Bosom rend,
And tear the Lover from the Friend.

Vain Thought! Tho' Seas between us roll,
Thy Love is rooted in my Soul:
The vital Blood that warms my Heart
With thy Idea, tho' we part!
And ev'ry Hour that Life ſhall lend,
Increaſe the Lover and the Friend.

SONG XCVI.

HOW giddy is Youth, yet above all Advice!
You counſel and counſel in vain;
I've try'd what is Wedlock, and like it ſo well,
That I'll never be married again.

The Spouſe that I pitch'd on was comely and young,
And ſweet as the Flow'rs of the Plain:
She was wiſe, as they tell me, perhaps it might be;
But I ne'er will be married again.

I ſaw the poor Creature laid deep in her Grave,
My Tears they came pouring like Rain;
But as Sunſhine, you know, will foul Weather ſucceed,
So I quickly recover'd again.

Like Caſtles of Fairies it ſeems to my Sight,
And Fancy indulges the Whim;
But, alas! when you try it, 'tis all a meer Chear,
And the ſame dull Tale over again.

SONG

SONG XCVII.

WHILST in the Grove *Timandra* walks,
And ſweetly ſmiles, or fondly talks,
A thouſand Arrows round her fly,
A thouſand Swains unheeded die.

But when ſhe labours to be ſeen,
With her enchanting Air and Mien;
From ſo much Beauty, ſo much Art,
What Mortal can ſecure his Heart.

SONG XCVIII.

WITHOUT thinking on't I gain'd *Thyrſis*'s Heart,
As one Ev'ning we danc'd on the Lee;
Without thinking on't, the Youth on his Part,
Alas! made a Conqueſt of me.

Then *Cupid* take Care of this tickliſh Affair,
Nor leave poor *Paſtora* in Thrall,
Leſt the Swain ſhould forget, and break off as we met,
Without thinking of it at all.

SONG XCIX.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

ONE Eve, beſide a ſilver Stream,
Young *Damon* lay reclin'd;
With all her Graces *Venus* came,
In Viſion to his Mind:
When thus a lovely Nymph began the Song,
While Echo ſeem'd to waft the Strain along.

AIR.

AIR.

To Beauty ev'ry Hour devote,
Oh! Youth——be happy and be gay;
Thy Bliſs ſhall make each Pain remote,
And *Cupid* all thy Toil repay.
A thouſand Cares their Pains impart,
And cloud the preſent mirthful Scene;
But endleſs Joys enchant the Heart,
While Love and Beauty only reign.

SECOND RECITATIVE.

While o'er his wand'ring Fancy thus,
The God of Sleep his Powers diffuſe;
Another Form, behold, aroſe,
Reliever true of human Woes:
His Tun—his Glaſs—his Looks divine,
All—all—confeſs the God of Wine.

AIR.

The Charms of Love, ſays he, beware,
Short the Bliſs——but long the Care:
Beauty's gone when ſcarce poſſeſs'd,
'Tis all a Bubble——all a Jeſt.
Here the laſting Pleaſures lye;
Here behold a real Joy:
'Tis thus we paſs our Time above;
Learn firſt to drink——and then to love.

SONG C.

'TIS Bumpers lull all Cares to reſt;
'Tis Bumpers make Misfortunes ſweet;
'Tis Bumpers cure the wounded Breaſt,
And Bumpers make all Souls compleat.

We'll

We'll drink to all our Friends we know;
We'll drink to all in Grief and Sorrow;
We'll drink to all we love below,
For Bumpers make To-day To-morrow.

We'll drink to ev'ry honeſt Soul,
Who from his Word would never fly,
That loves his Friend, that loves his Bowl,
And who for him would freely die.

For Bumpers gain the Brave Succeſs,
And Bumpers make true Virtue ſhine;
'Tis Bumpers gain our Miſtreſs,
And Bumpers make all Souls ſublime.

'Tis Bumpers make the poor Man rich,
And Bumpers make us free from Care;
'Tis Bumpers make us that we wiſh,
And Bumpers make us what we are.

SONG CI.

BACCHUS, thou merry God of Wine,
Behold thy Supplicants ſupine,
Imploring for a freſh Recruit
Of Grapes, that moſt delicious Fruit.

Each Night we conſecrate to thee;
Libations prove our Loyalty:
Like Sons of *Bacchus* never ſhrink,
But to Exceſs reſolve to drink.

When Sol his orient Beams diſplay,
We Topers are inform'd 'tis Day;
Then all depart: When Night appears
We meet again, to drown our Fears.

Thus

Thus BRITONS ſpend a Life of Joy,
No Cares our Pleaſures can annoy;
For Wine expels what ſeems amiſs,
Such great Felicity's in * this.

SONG CII.

TRUE Bliſs in Retirement can only be found;
In vain we ſhall ſeek it in Pleaſure's dull Round:
The Truth of this Maxim *Philander* could ſee,
When the Vot'ry of *Cupid* and modiſhly free.

He often reſolv'd to retire from the Crowd,
Quite pall'd with its Pleaſures ſo empty and loud;
And oft he relaps'd, thro' a Whim to be free,
But at laſt was reform'd by the Banks of the *Dee*.

From Noiſe and falſe Pleaſures, he quickly withdrew,
To taſte of the Solid, the Laſting and True:
Grew fond of Retirement, nor car'd but for three,
A Friend, and a Book, and the Banks of the *Dee*.

His Fortune was eaſy, his Manner polite,
He read a great deal, and at Times he could write;
Unmov'd by Ambition, contented and free,
He often ſung thus on the Banks of the *Dee*.

" The Monarch, ſtill jealous of Plots and Deſigns,
" Who ſighs at his Heart while in Splendor he ſhines,
" With Pity I trace thro' the irkſome Levee,
" And bleſs my kind Stars for the Banks of the *Dee*.

" The Miſer, how wretched! amidſt all his Store,
" What he has, he can't taſte, yet he ſighs to have
" more;
" While

* *Drinking*.

" While I with a little am happy and free,
" In a pleaſing Retreat on the Banks of the *Dee*.

" Let *Tom*, without Paſſion, ſtill ſigh for the Fair,
" Affect their ſoft Manner, and mimick their Air,
" Supply them with Scandal o'er Green and Bohea;
" Give me a Retreat on the Banks of the *Dee*.

" No Duns to moleſt me, no Cares to harraſs,
" In a pleaſing Succeſſion the Moments will paſs;
" At Peace with the World, contented and free,
" I'll live and I'll die on the Banks of the *Dee*."

SONG CIII.

DAMON, believe not your *Jenny*'s untrue,
Nor think that ſhe's falſe and inconſtant to you;
Think yon tow'ring Mount of itſelf ſhall remove,
Ere, *Damon*, you doubt of the Truth of my Love.

Yon clear cryſtal Stream ſhall Mountains o'erflow,
And on the hard Rock the pale Primroſe ſhall blow;
In queſt of the Lyon, the Lambkin ſhall range,
Ere *Jenny*'s fix'd Paſſion ſhall leſſen or change.

Upon the ſmooth Green, when the Shepherds advance
To hail *May*'s Return with the Tabor and Dance;
If *Damon* is abſent I quit the glad Throng,
And join my Complaint to the Nightingale's Song.

The Pain which I ſuffer my Flocks ſeem to know,
And frolick and play as to leſſen my Woe;
I cry, ceaſe, dear Lambkins, your ſporting and play,
You cannot delight while my *Damon*'s away.

No Toil ſhall diſcomfort while *Damon*'s in Sight;
The Sun's piercing Rays can in Summer delight;
And Winter's rude Tempeſt ſhall ſtill find me gay,
For, bleſt with my Shepherd, each Month will be *May*.

SONG

SONG CIV.

THE Eye, that beams with lambent Light,
The crimſon Cheek, that glads the Sight,
The Shape, the Mien, the Air;
With theſe, to ſooth Man's ruder Breaſt,
With theſe, to be by Bleſſings bleſs'd,
The Gods adorn the Fair.

Hence each poetic Genius ſings,
Sweet Beauty tunes th' emboſom'd Strings,
And wakes th' enraptur'd Soul:
The magic Pow'r of Form and Face,
Ordain'd the gentler Sex to grace,
Reſounds from Pole to Pole.

But ſhall not Charms ſo honour'd laſt?
No, ſoon as Youth's ſhort Summer's paſt,
They're veil'd in Time's Diſguiſe;
Thus bluſhing *Flora*'s darling Flow'r,
That ſcents the aromatic Bow'r,
Buds, burſts to Bloom, and dies.

Then, ah! how vain is Female Pride?
Shall ſhe that's crown'd with Senſe, confide
In ſuch uncertain Power!
No, ſhe's reverſe, the milder Way;
Reſerv'd, tho' free; tho' modeſt, gay;
And blooms to Life's laſt Hour.

Do thou, my Fair One, in whoſe Mind
Each ſocial moral Virtue's join'd,
The Nymph of Senſe appear:
Then, when the Charms of Youth are o'er,
The Wiſe will *Celia* ſtill adore;
Thou'lt ſtill be lovely here.

SONG CV.

HENCE, painful Pleaſure, pleaſing Pain;
Reſign, O Love, thy Throne:
Come Reaſon, I obey thy Reign,
And own thy Pow'r alone.
Diſdaining Love, from hence I'll live
Unmov'd by all the Fair;
Falſe *Delia*'s Smiles no Joy can give,
Nor yet her Frowns Deſpair.

This Vow *Philander* ſcarce had made,
When on the verdant Plain,
Fair *Delia*, with each Grace array'd,
Approach'd the love-ſick Swain:
In vain, with ſudden Tranſports fir'd,
He did her Charms approve;
He ſigh'd, he gaz'd, he long admir'd,
And own'd the Power of Love.

Then againſt the tender Paſſion,
Let us not our Power employ;
But give Way to Inclination,
Taſte of Love, and taſte of Joy.
For on Reaſon's Aid relying,
Vain our Efforts all will prove;
Cuſtom with this Truth complying,
Reaſon is too weak for Love.

SONG CVI.

COME *Roger* and *Nell*, come *Simkin* and *Bell*,
Each Lad with his Laſs hither come;
With ſinging and dancing, in Pleaſure advancing,
To celebrate Harveſt home.
'Tis *Ceres* bids play, and keep Holiday,
To celebrate Harveſt home, Harveſt home,
To celebrate Harveſt home.

Our

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store,
Now ſwell with rich Gifts of the Land;
Let each Man then take, for his Prong and his Rake,
His Can and his Laſs in his Hand:
For *Ceres*, &c.

No Courtier can be ſo happy as we,
In Innocence, Paſtime and Mirth;
While thus we carouſe with our Sweetheart or Spouſe,
And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth:
When *Ceres* bids play, and keep Holiday,
To celebrate Harveſt home, Harveſt home,
To celebrate Harveſt home.

SONG CVII.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

THE Chace is o'er, and on the Plain,
The Hounds the luſty Stag have ſlain;
Let the Horns, with ſprightly Tone,
All our ſportive Pleaſures crown.

AIR.

Of *Britons*, thus the ancient Race,
With nervous Toils purſue the Chace;
By no ungen'rous Thoughts controul'd,
Their Hearts were honeſt, free, and bold,
Their Hearts were honeſt, free, and bold.
Of *Britons*, &c.

Like them again, no Slaves to Courts,
Let *Britons* ſtill purſue their Sports;
Like them again ſhall *Britons* be,
As brave, as honeſt, and as free;
Like them again ſhall *Britons* be,
As brave, as honeſt, and as free.

SONG CVIII.

MY *Kitty* cries, was *Damon* wiſe,
His Paſſions I'd approve;
But like the Bee, ſo gay, ſo free,
He merits not my Love:
From Maid to Maid his Heart has ſtray'd,
Which each new Face has won:
My Spirit's great, a Share I hate,
I'll have him all or none.

Her Reas'ning ſuch, I wonder much,
Herſelf ſhe cannot ſee;
For, oh! the Fawn, that skips the Lawn,
Is not ſo wild as ſhe.
Each am'rous Swain breath'd out his Pain,
To all ſhe lends an Ear;
The Caſe is thus, and which of us,
In Love's moſt inſincere?

I often cry, dear *Kitty*, why
Shou'd Youth in vain be ſpent?
In *Hymen*'s Bands, let's join our Hands,
And live with each content:
But her Reply commands a Sigh;
'Tis, *Damon*, patient wait;
Grow wiſe and mend, I'll be your Friend,
And leave the Reſt to Fate.

Ye Pow'rs above, who rule o'er Love,
Our giddy Thoughts confine;
My Heart wou'd her, o'er all prefer,
Wou'd ſhe be only mine:
She thinks 'tis ſtrange that I ſhou'd range;
I think ſhe waſtes her Charms;
And plainly ſee, we ſhan't agree,
'Till in each others Arms.

SONG

SONG CIX.

BRING, *Phœbus*, from *Parnaſſian* Bow'rs,
A Chaplet of poetic Flow'rs,
That far out bloom the *May*:
Bring Verſe ſo ſmooth, bring Thoughts ſo free,
And all the Muſes Heraldry,
To blazon *Jenny Grey*.

Obſerve yon Almond's rich Perfume,
Preventing Spring with early Bloom,
In ruddy Tints how gay!
Thus Foremoſt of the bluſhing Fair,
With ſuch a blithſome, buxom Air,
Blooms lovely *Jenny Grey*.

The merry, chirping, plumy Throng,
The Buſhes and the Twigs among,
That pipe the ſylvan Lay;
All huſh'd at her delightful Voice,
In ſilent Extacy rejoice,
And ſtudy *Jenny Grey*.

Ye balmy, odour-breathing Gales,
That lightly ſweep the green-rob'd Vales,
And in each Roſe Buſh play:
I know you all, you're arrant Cheats,
And ſteal your more then mortal Sweets,
From lovely *Jenny Grey*.

Pomona fair, thou Goddeſs bright,
The Maid's and Floriſt's great Delight,
In vain thy Charms diſplay;
Nor can the Nectarine or the Peach,
In Richneſs or in Sweetneſs reach,
The Lips of *Jenny Grey*.

To the ſweet Knot of Graces three,
Th' immortal Band of Bards agree
A tuneful Tax to pay;
There yet remains, of matchleſs Worth,
There yet remains a lovelier Fourth,
And ſhe is *Jenny Grey*.

SONG CX.

MY Mother cries, *Betſey*, be ſhy,
Whenever the Men would intrude;
I know not the Reaſon, not I,
But I'd take her Advice if I cou'd.

Alexis ſtep'd up t'other Day
To kiſs me, and ask'd if he ſhou'd?
Pray, what could a Shepherdeſs ſay?
But I'd fain have ſaid no, if I cou'd.

My Mother remembers the Time,
When ſhe like a Veſtal was mew'd;
Now, this I conceive was a Crime,
And I'd not be ſerv'd ſo, if I cou'd.

If I'm with *Alexis*, ſhe'll chide;
She ſays, perhaps he may be rude:
I will not pretend to decide,
But I fancy he would if he cou'd.

Laſt *May* Morn I trip'd o'er the Plain;
He ſaw me, and quickly purſu'd;
I heartily laugh'd at the Swain;
I'd catch you, he cry'd, if I cou'd.

Well, ſoon he o'ertook my beſt Haſte,
And ſwore he'd be conſtant and good;
I vow I'll live decent and chaſte,
But I'd marry the Swain if I cou'd.

SONG CXI.

USELESS is that coquetting Leer,
And vain each Female Art;
They only ſerve to make appear,
The Falſhood of the Heart.

Your pencil'd Eye-Brows, Cheek of Cream,
And jetty curl'd up Hair,
Are that happy Shepherd's Theme,
But cannot me enſnare.

SONG CXII.

YOU ſay ſhe's Fair, 'tis no ſuch Matter,
'Tis not her Glaſs, but ſhe you flatter;
And few that Beauty e'er can ſpy,
That ſtrikes the partial Lover's Eye.
You ſay ſhe's Fair, &c.

Phœbe, my Counſel, pray, approve,
Thank Heaven for a good Man's Love;
All Markets will not pay a Price,
So ſtrike a Bargain in a Trice.
Phœbe, my Counſel, &c.

SONG CXIII.

FLY, fly to yon Vale, other Paſtimes purſue,
My Eyes and my Tongue have determin'd thy Fate;
This Face and this Shape are not deſtin'd for you,
And former Diſdain is now turn'd into Hate.
Fly, Fly, &c.

SONG CXIV.

THE Bird, that from the Lime-Twig flies,
With Caution ſhuns the School-Boys Tricks;
But we, who would be thought more wiſe,
Can't ſhun the Lime-Twigs for our Sex.
The Female-Kind our Hearts enſnare;
'Tis grown a Science to trepan;
The ſtudy'd Look, the faſhion'd Air,
Oh! Shame, can conquer godlike Man.

To ſooth the feeling ſocial Breaſt,
And calm the noiſy World's Alarms;
To welcome Rapture, Peace, and Reſt,
With Beauty's ſoft endearing Charms:
By native Pow'r of Face and Mind,
To be at once both bleſs'd and bleſs;
For this the Gods the Fair deſign'd,
And not to patch, to paint, and dreſs.

When Nature kind exerts her Skill,
And frames a heav'nly Face and Mien;
How vain to contradict her Will!
Ah! let the Angel ſtill be ſeen!
Such Beauty needs no mortal Aid,
But ever brightens in the Good;
Believe me, Nature never made
A gay Coquet or formal Prude.

The Glare of tinſel Vanity,
The mental Eye may chance approve;
But Senſe, and heav'n-born Modeſty,
Muſt win the Soul, the Seat of Love!
The blooming Maid, whom theſe adorn,
With Pity views her Sex's Folly;
And, radiant as the Rays of Morn,
Theſe Virtues ſhine in thee, O *Molly!*

SONG CXV.

WHAT, put off with one Denial,
And not make a ſecond Trial!
You might ſee my Eyes conſenting,
All about me was relenting;
Women, oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly ſtorms.

Lovers, when you ſigh and languiſh,
When you tell us of your Anguiſh;
To the Nymph you'll be more pleaſing,
When thoſe Sorrows you are eaſing:
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never wiſh the Foe ſhould ſpare.

SONG CXVI.

COME, *Damon*, come; Oh! haſte away,
Now youthful Spring appears,
And *Phœbus*, with refulgent Ray,
Relenting Nature cheers.
See verdant Lawns, the Fields and Bow'rs,
By genial Warmth reſtor'd;
Whilſt ſoft refreſhing verdant Show'rs
Their friendly Aid afford.

As when, worn down with Toils and Cares,
We gentle Sleep require;
Indulgent Sleep our Wants repairs,
And does new Life inſpire:
So Winter's Froſt are chas'd away
By *Sol*'s enliv'ning Pow'rs;
Which kindly o'er all Nature ſtray,
Reviving Plants and Flow'rs.

The Primroſe ſweet, and Cowſlip too,
Bedeck the lovely Green;
Where'er we turn and take a View,
Kind Nature's Smiles are ſeen;
In wanton Play the ſportive Lambs,
On Meadows friſk it o'er;
Or feeding with their bleating Dams,
Their choiceſt Graſs explore.

The whiſtling Thruſh, with pleaſing Note,
Now welcomes in the Morn;
And gaily ſwells his tuneful Throat,
This Seaſon to adorn.
Soon as the Sun begins to riſe,
The warbling Larks repair,
And ſoaring mount to diſtant Skies,
And ſport in Fields of Air.

Midſt lonely Woods and ſilent Bow'rs,
When *Sol* in Weſt retreats;
In plaintive Notes, poor *Philomel*,
Her Ev'ning Tale repeats.
Then we'll together ev'ry Day,
O'er flow'ry Meadows rove;
Or whilſt ſoft gentle Zephyrs play,
Frequent the ſhady Grove.

There we will tell ſoft Tales of Love,
There *Cupid*'s Force I'll own;
Invoke each gentle Power above,
My Bliſs with thee to crown.
As from each Harm the careful Swains
Secure their fleecy Care;
So will kind Heav'n, while Life remains,
Preſerve a faithful Pair.

SONG CXVII.

OH! how I doat on that dear Face,
The youthful *Strephon* cries;
Where every Charm and every Grace,
Commands a thouſand Sighs.
Why ſhould thy Smiles ſuch Joy impart;
Thy Frowns ſuch Anguiſh give?
Oh! ſpeak, and eaſe my tortur'd Heart,
For on thy Smiles I live.

To *Cælia* thus the Shepherd ſpoke:
When thus the Nymph replies;
'Tis all a Farce, 'tis all a Joke,
I read it in your Eyes.
Ceaſe, *Strephon*, ceaſe thy flatt'ring Wiles;
And, prithee, be at quiet;
My gentle Looks and dimpled Smiles,
Wou'd prove but ſlender Diet.

SONG CXVIII.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FAREWEL, ye Groves, farewel, ye bliſsful Plains,
To Rocks, and Caves, and Dens, where Horror reigns;
Where the bleak Winds thro' diſmal Caverns roar,
And tumbling Cat'racts ſhake the ſounding Shore;
Where the fell Raven croaks, I'll ſtrait remove,
The proper Manſions for deſpairing Love.

AIR.

No more the feſtive Train I'll join;
Adieu, ye rural Sports, adieu;

For

For what, alas! have Griefs like mine,
With Paſtimes or Delights to do?
Let Hearts at Eaſe ſuch Pleaſures prove,
But I am all Deſpair and Love.

Ah! well-a-day, how chang'd am I!
When late I ſeiz'd the boxen Reed;
So ſoft my Strains, the Herds hard by,
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed:
But now my Strains no longer move;
They're Diſcord all, Deſpair and Love.

Behold around my ſtraggling Sheep,
The faireſt once upon the Lee;
No Swain to guard, no Dog to keep;
Unſhorn they ſtray, nor mark'd by me:
The Shepherds muſe, to ſee them rove;
They ask'd the Cauſe——I anſwer'd, Love.

Neglected Love, firſt taught my Eyes,
With Tears of Anguiſh, to o'erflow;
'Twas that which fill'd my Heart with Sighs,
And turn'd my Pipe to Notes of Woe;
Love has occaſion'd all my Smart,
Diſpers'd my Flock, and broke my Heart.

RECITATIVE.

By Moonlight thus, in a ſequeſter'd Vale,
Forſaken *Thyrſis* breath'd his love-ſick Tale;
Whilſt underneath a Rock his Stand he took,
Where mournful Willows nodded o'er the Brook.
A Satyr, that by Chance was lurking near,
O'erheard the piteous plaining Sonneteer;
He laugh'd aloud, then from his Covert roſe,
And thus derided his miſtaken Woes.

AIR.

AIR.

Silly Shepherd, leave complaining,
Quit the Moan to whining Curs;
Will, if *Phillis* be diſdaining,
Breaking your Heart, ſoften her's.

Ceaſe thoſe Strains, ſo melancholy,
And let gayer Notes be try'd;
Soon ſhe will bemoan her Folly,
Soon ſhe will repent her Pride.

Black Deſpair, and pining Sorrow,
Burning Arrows, bleeding Hearts,
All a Cant which Lovers borrow,
Cheats, and Dreams, and little Arts.

Or their Joys too mighty growing,
For their Senſes to ſuſtain;
They no other Title knowing,
Out of Ign'rance call it Pain.

SONG CXIX.

THE Mind of a Woman can never be known,
You never can gueſs it aright:
I'll tell you the Reaſon—ſhe knows not her own,
It changes ſo often e'er Night.
'Twould puzzle *Apollo*,
Her Whimſies to follow,
His Oracle would be a Jeſt:
She'll frown when ſhe's kind,
Then quickly you'll find,
She'll change with the Wind;
And often abuſes,
The Man that ſhe chooſes;
And when ſhe refuſes,
Likes beſt.

SONG CXX.

NOW *Phœbus* ſinking in the Weſt,
Welcome Song, and welcome Jeſt,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipſy Dance and Jollity;
Braid your Locks with roſy Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.

Rigour now is gone to Bed,
And Advice with ſcrup'lous Head;
Strict Age and ſour Severity,
With their grave Jaws, in Slumber lie.

SONG CXXI.

BY dimpled Brook and Fountain Brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with Daiſies trim,
Their merry Wakes and Paſtimes keep;
What has Night to do with Sleep?

Night has better Sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes and wakens Love:
Come, let us our Notes begin,
'Tis only Day-light makes us ſin.

SONG CXXII.

LIVE and love, enjoy the Fair,
Baniſh Sorrow, baniſh Care;
Mind not what old Dotards ſay,
Age has had his Share of Play,
But Youth's Sport begins To-day.

From the Fruits of ſweet Delight,
Let not ſcare-crow Virtue fright;

Here

Here in Pleaſure's Vineyard we,
Rove, like Birds, from Tree to Tree,
Careleſs, airy, gay and free.

SONG CXXIII.

MY *Sylvia* and I, how oft have we ſtray'd,
O'er yon Hill and that favourite Vale;
My Grot and my Bow'r her Viſits have had,
When I was far off in the Dale.

O! then would I haſten to ſnatch a ſweet Kiſs,
But found that my Charmer was flown;
Oft have I ſigh'd, and cry'd, fie, 'twas amiſs,
Dear *Sylvia*, ſo ſoon to be gone.

A Twelvemonth we paſs'd in this amorous Play,
Ere *Sylvia* ſuſpected my Love;
At length more ſerious ſhe grew ev'ry Day,
And ſeem'd of my Suit to approve.

Now was the Time to make *Sylvia* a Bride,
Ere the Arts of our Sex ſhe had known;
Ere Beaux or Belles had affected her Pride,
With Titles or Whims of the Town.

Cover'd with Bluſhes ſhe gave her Conſent,
From Pain to releaſe me to Eaſe;
Now ev'ry Day we are only intent,
On which Way each other to pleaſe.

SONG CXXIV.

WHEN I was a young one, what Girl was like me,
So wanton, ſo airy, and brisk as a Bee?
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd——and where'er
A Fiddle was heard, to be ſure I was there.

To all that came near, I had ſomething to ſay;
'Twas this Sir, and that Sir, but ſcarce ever, nay:
On *Sunday* dreſs'd out in my Silk and my Lace,
I warrant I ſtood by the Beſt in the Place.

At Twenty I got me a Husband, poor Man!
Well, reſt him——we all are as good as we can:
Yet he was ſo peeviſh, he'd quarrel with Straws;
And jealous, tho' truly I gave him ſome Cauſe.

He huff'd me, and ſnub'd me, but let me alone;
Egad I've a Tongue, and I paid him his own:
Ye Wives take the Hint, and when Spouſe is untow'rd,
Stand firm to our Charter, and have the laſt Word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my Woe;
I'm not as I was forty Summers ago:
This Time, a ſore Foe, there's no ſhunning his Dart;
However, I keep up a pretty good Heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to ſtand a Mum-chance;
I ſtill love a Tune, though unable to dance:
And Books of Devotion are laid on the Shelf,
Whilſt I teach that to others, I once did myſelf.

SONG CXXV.

A CANTATA.

AIR.

FRAGRANT *Flora!* haſte, appear,
Goddeſs of the youthful Year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now;
On thy Buds of Roſes playing,
All thy breathing Sweets diſplaying,
Hark, his amorous Breezes blow!

Fragrant

Fragrant *Flora!* haſte, appear,
Goddeſs of the youthful Year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now.

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful Hill, in the fair Bloom of Spring,
The tuneful *Collinet* his Voice did raiſe,
The Vales remurmur'd with his Lays,
And liſt'ning Birds hung hov'ring on the Wing.
In whiſp'ring Sighs ſoft *Zephyr* by him flew,
While thus the Shepherd did his Song renew.

AIR.

Love and Pleaſures gaily flowing,
Come, this charming Seaſon grace!
Smile, ye Fair! your Joys beſtowing,
Spring and Youth will ſoon be going,
Seize the Bleſſings ere they paſs.
Love and Pleaſures gaily flowing,
Come, this charming Seaſon grace!

SONG CXXVI.

O *Kitty*, wilt thou gang with me?
Nor ſigh to leave the flanting Town:
Can ſilent Glens have Charms for thee,
The lonely Cot and ruſſet Gown?

No longer dreſs'd in ſilken Sheen;
No longer deck'd with Jewels rare:
Say, canſt thou leave each courtly Scene,
Were thou wert faireſt of the Fair?

O *Kitty*, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not caſt a Wiſh behind?
Say, canſt thou bear the parching Ray,
Nor ſhrink before the wintry Wind?

Say, can that ſoft and gentle Frame,
Severeſt Hardſhips learn to bear;
Nor ſad, regret each courtly Scene,
Were thou wert faireſt of the Fair?

Say, *Kitty*, canſt thou love ſo true,
Through Perils keen with me to go;
And when thy Swain Miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the Pangs of Woe?

And when ſevereſt Pains befal,
Wilt thou aſſume the Nurſe's Care;
Nor wiſhful thoſe gay Scenes recal,
When thou wert faireſt of the Fair?

And when at laſt thy Love ſhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting Breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling Sigh,
And chear with Smiles the Bed of Death?

And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd Clay
Strew Flowers, and drop the tender Tear;
Nor then regret thoſe Scenes ſo gay,
Were thou wert faireſt of the Fair?

SONG CXXVII.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHILE, *Corydon*, the lonely Shepherd, try'd
His tuneful Flute, and charm'd the Grove,
The jealous Nightingales, that ſtrove
To trace his Notes, contending dy'd;

At laſt he hears, within a Myrtle Shade,
An Echo anſwer all his Strain;
Love ſtole the Pipe of ſleeping *Pan*, and play'd,
Then with his Voice decoys the liſt'ning Swain.

AIR.

Gay Shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing Scenes attend thee,
O this Way ſpeed thy Pace!
If Muſick can delight thee,
Or Viſions fair invite thee,
This Bow'r's the happy Place.
Gay Shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleaſing Scenes attend thee,
O this Way ſpeed thy Pace!

RECITATIVE.

The Shepherd roſe, he gaz'd around,
And vainly ſought the magick Sound;
The God of Love his Motion ſpies,
Lays by the Pipe, and ſhoots a Dart
Thro' *Corydon*'s unwary Heart,
Then, ſmiling, from his Ambuſh flies;
While in his Room, divinely bright,
The reigning Beauty of the Groves ſurpriz'd the Shepherd's Sight.

AIR.

Who from Love his Heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' enchanting Pain?
Pleaſure calls with Voice alluring,
Beauty ſoftly binds the Chain.
Who from Love his Heart ſecuring,
Can avoid th' enchanting Pain?

SONG

SONG CXXVIII.

AUSPICIOUS Spirits guard my Love,
In Time of Danger near him bide;
With out-ſpread Wings around him move,
And turn each random Ball aſide.

And you his Foes, though Hearts of Steel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A ſympathetick Paſſion feel,
Behold his Face, and drop the Sword.

Ye Winds your bluſt'ring Fury leave,
Like Airs that o'er the Garden ſweep;
Breathe ſoft in Sighs and gently heave,
To calm the Boſom of the Deep.

'Till gentle Peace returns once more,
From Blaſts ſecure and hoſtile Harms,
My Sailor views his native Shore,
And harbours ſafe in theſe fond Arms.

SONG CXXIX.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

MIRANDA's tuneful Voice and Fame
Had reach'd the wond'ring Skies;
From Heav'n the God of Muſick came,
And own'd a pleas'd Surprize;
Then in a ſoft melodious Lay,
Apollo did theſe grateful Praiſes pay.

AIR.

AIR.

Matchleſs Charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt Prize of Harmony.
Phœbus ever will inſpire thee,
And th' applauding World admire thee;
All ſhall in thy Praiſe agree.
Matchleſs Charmer! thine ſhall be
The higheſt Prize of Harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The God then ſummon'd ev'ry Muſe t' appear,
And hail their Siſter of the Quire;
Smiling they ſtood around, her ſoothing Strains to hear,
And fill'd her happy Soul with all their Fire.

AIR.

O Harmony! how wond'rous ſweet,
Doſt thou our Cares allay!
When all thy moving Graces meet,
How ſoftly doſt thou ſteal our eaſy Hours away!
O Harmony! how wond'rous ſweet,
Doſt thou our Cares allay!

SONG CXXX.

ALL you who would wiſh to ſucceed with a Laſs,
Learn how the Affair's to be done;
For if you ſtand fooling and ſhy, like an Aſs,
You'll loſe her, as ſure as a Gun.

With whining, and ſighing, and Vows, and all that,
As far as you pleaſe you may run;
She'll hear you and ſee you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you as ſure as a Gun.

To

To worſhip and call her bright Goddeſs, is fine,
But mark you the Conſequence, mun;
The Baggage will think herſelf really divine,
And ſcorn you, as ſure as a Gun.

Then be with a Maiden, bold, frolic and ſtout,
And no Opportunity ſhun;
She'll tell you ſhe hates you, and ſwear ſhe'll cry out,
But mum——ſhe's, as ſure as a Gun.

SONG CXXXI.

A CANTATA.

AIR.

LOVE, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte *Diana*'s Train.
Away, thou winged Boy!
Thou bear'ſt thy Darts in vain,
I hate the languid Joy,
I mock the trifling Pain.
Love, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaſte *Diana*'s Train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright *Venus* and her Son ſtood by,
And heard a proud diſdainful Fair
Thus boaſt her wretched Liberty;
They ſcorn'd ſhe ſhould the Raptures ſhare,
Which their happier Captives know,
Nor wou'd *Cupid* draw his Bow
To wound the Nymph, but laugh'd out this Reply.

AIR.

Proud and fooliſh! hear your Fate!
Waſte your Youth, and ſigh too late

For

For Joys, which now you ſay you hate.
When your decaying Eyes
Can dart their Fires no more,
The Wrinkles of Threeſcore
Shall make you vainly wiſe.
Proud and fooliſh! hear your Fate!
Waſte your Youth, and ſigh too late
For Joys, which now you ſay you hate.

SONG CXXXII.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

ON ſilver *Tyber*'s vocal Shore,
The fam'd *Scarlati* ſtrook his Lyre,
And ſtrove, with Charms unknown before,
The Springs of tuneful Sound t' explore,
Beyond what Art alone cou'd e'er inſpire;
When ſee——the ſweet Eſſay to hear,
Venus with her Son drew near,
And, pleas'd to ask the Maſter's Aid,
The Mother Goddeſs ſmiling ſaid.

AIR.

Harmonious Son of *Phœbus*, ſee!
'Tis Love, 'tis little Love I bring;
The Queen of Beauty ſues to thee,
To teach her wanton Boy to ſing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd Muſician heard with Joy,
And, proud to teach th' immortal Boy,
Did all his Songs and heav'nly Skill impart;
The Boy, to recompenſe his Art,
Repeating did each Song improve,
And breath'd into his Airs the Charms of Love,
And taught the Maſter thus to touch the Heart.

AIR.

AIR.

Love, inſpiring
Sounds perſuading,
Makes his Darts reſiſtleſs fly:
Beauty, aiding
Arts aſpiring,
Gives them Wings to riſe more high.

SONG CXXXIII.

A CANTATA.

AIR.

YE tender Pow'rs! how ſhall I move
A careleſs Maid that laughs at Love?
Cupid, to my Succour fly!
Come with all thy thrilling Darts,
Thy melting Flames to ſoften Hearts;
Conquer for me, or I die!
Ye tender Pow'rs! how ſhall I move
A careleſs Maid that laughs at Love?
Cupid, to my Succour fly!

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy Shade,
A penſive Lover to his Aid
Invok'd the God of warm Deſire;
Love heard him, and to gain the Maid
Did this ſucceſsful Thought inſpire.

AIR.

Take her Humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her fav'rite Follies join,
That's the Charm will make her thine.
Caſt thy ſerious Airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, ſporting,
Sooth her Hours with am'rous Play.
Take her Humour, ſmile, be gay,
In her fav'rite Follies join,
That's the Charm will make her thine.

SONG

SONG CXXXIV.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd *Arcadia*'s flow'ry Plains,
The gay *Paſtora* once was heard to ſing;
Cloſe by a Fountain's cryſtal Spring
She warbled out her merry Strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, wou'd you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt every Humour try;
Sometimes flatter, ſometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and ſometimes cry.
Shepherds, wou'd you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt ev'ry Humour try.
Soft Denials
Are but Trials,
You muſt follow when we fly.
Shepherds, wou'd you hope to pleaſe us,
You muſt ev'ry Humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this ſprightly Maid,
Yet never durſt his Love relate,
Reſolv'd at laſt to try his Fate.
He ſigh'd;—She ſmil'd;—He kneel'd and pray'd;—
She frown'd;—He roſe, and walk'd away,
But ſoon returning look'd more gay,
And ſung and danc'd, and on his Pipe a chearful Echo play'd.

AIR.

Paſtora fled to a ſhady Grove;
Damon view'd her,
And purſu'd her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his Love.

The Nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to ſee
That *Damon* ran as ſwift as ſhe.
Paſtora fled to a ſhady Grove,
Damon view'd her,
And purſu'd her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his Love.

SONG CXXXV.

WHILST Merit and Reaſon give Sanction to Love,
Why ſhould ye, ye Fair Ones, my Paſſion reprove?
For none but the Prude, the ſoft Paſſion diſdains,
And ſhe boaſts of a Virtue, which yet ſhe but feigns.

Genteel is my *Damon*, engaging his Air,
And his Face like the Morn, is both ruddy and fair;
No Vanity ſways him, no Folly is ſeen,
But open's his Temper, and noble's his Mien.

With Prudence illumin'd his Actions appear,
His Paſſions are calm, and his Judgment is clear:
Soft Love ſits enthron'd in the Beams of his Eyes;
He's manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's wiſe.

He's young and good humour'd, he's gen'rous and gay,
And his Voice can like Muſick chaſe Sorrow away;
An amiable Softneſs ſtill dwells on his Speech,
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
And his Heart is too honeſt to let him deceive:
Then blame me, ye Virgins, if juſtly you can,
For Merit and Fondneſs diſtinguiſh the Man.

SONG

SONG CXXXVI.

HAPPY Day! for ever dear,
Brighteſt of the circling Year;
Smiles, like thine, can Freedom charm,
Glory crown, and Virtue warm.

Peace comes ſmiling up to thee!
Pleas'd comes onward Liberty!
Plenty too brings up her Band,
Dancing o'er this happy Land!

SONG CXXXVII.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

OH! lovely Fair, and faithful Youth,
Be happy in each other's Truth!
From whence bright *Phœbus* mounts the Eaſt,
To his Chambers in the Weſt,
Be this Pair for ever fam'd,
As long as Love and Truth are nam'd:
And, Shepherds, may you ever prove,
The endleſs Joys of conſtant Love:
Happy, as this happy Pair,
Ev'ry Shepherd, ev'ry Fair.

AIR.

Love ſhall all your Hours employ,
All your Hours ſhall fill with Joy;
Happy, as this happy Pair,
Ev'ry Shepherd, ev'ry Fair.
Thus let Love by Truth be guarded;
Thus by Beauty Love rewarded.

SONG CXXXVIII.

KIND Heav'n, if Virtue be thy Care,
With Courage fire me,
Or Art inſpire me,
To free the captive Fair:
On the Wings of the Wind will I fly,
With the Princeſs to live, or the Chriſtian to die.

SONG CXXXIX.

I'LL proclaim the wond'rous Story
Of the Mercies I receive;
From the Day-Spring's, dawning Glory,
'Till the fading Day of Eve.

For the Bleſſings Heav'n is lending,
We'll return our grateful Lays;
To his radiant Throne aſcending,
Wafted on the Wings of Praiſe.

In exalted Rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy Days;
All our grateful Pow'rs combining
To declare his endleſs Praiſe.

SONG CXL.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AIRY *Chloe*, proud and young,
The faireſt Tyrant of the Plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring Swain.
He ſadly ſigh'd——She gaily ſung,
And wanton, thus reproach'd his Pain.

AIR.

AIR.

Leave me, ſilly Shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand Charms in me;
Then ceaſe thy Pray'rs, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view ſuch Charms in thee.
Leave me, ſilly Shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thouſand Charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this Diſdain,
Curs'd the proud Fair, and broke his Chain;
He rav'd, and at the Scorner ſwore,
And vow'd, he'd be Love's Fool no more——
But *Chloe* ſmil'd, and thus ſhe call'd him back again.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a Man, I love thee,
And without a Bluſh reſign:
But ungrateful is the Paſſion,
And deſtroys our Inclination,
When, like Slaves, our Lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a Man, I love thee,
And without a Bluſh reſign.

SONG CXLI.

SINCE wiſhing's in Faſhion, we'll not baulk the Strain,
And, while Bards are wiſhing, in Silence remain;
By *Jove*, 'twould be ſhameful! it never ſhall be,
Then join, worthy *Britons*, in wiſhing with me,
Then join, &c.

The firſt Wiſh I make (to the Heavens let it ring)
Is Honour, and Pleaſure, and Health to the King;
May he Reign long and happy, each Gift may he ſhare,
And his Fame be as great as his Virtue is rare.

The next for the Queen; may the Winds waft her o'er
In Safety, to taſte all the Joys of our Shore:
May the Charms of her Prudence, her Beauty tranſcend,
An amiable Conſort, Companion and Friend.

All Rapture and Purity, O may their Bed,
By the Loves and the Graces with Roſes be ſpread;
May an Offſpring ſucceed (can we better deſire)
As bright as their Mother, as wiſe as the Sire.

May the Seaſons preſs forward, their Senſes to greet,
And the Hours dance around them with Down on their Feet;
No Cloud to o'erſhade them, no Thorn in their Ways,
But Love, Wealth and Glory, encreaſe with their Days.

SONG CXLII.

VAIN is Beauty's gaudy Flower,
Pageant of an idle Hour,
Born juſt to bloom and fade:
Nor leſs weak, leſs vain than it,
Is the Pride of human Wit,
The Shadow of a Shade.

SONG CXLIII.

YE Critics above, and ye Critics below,
And ye finer ſpun Critics who keep the mid Row;
Oh, tarry one Moment, I'll ſing you a Song,
Shall prove that, like us, you are all in the Wrong.
Sing tantara wrong all, tantara wrong all, &c.

Ye

Ye Poets, who mount on the fame-winged Steed,
Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking take heed;
For when, by thoſe Hornets, the Critics, he's ſtung,
You are thrown in the Dirt—and are all in the Wrong.

Ye Actors, who act what thoſe Writers have writ,
Pray ſtick to your Poet, and ſpare your own Wit;
For when with your own, you bridle your Tongue,
I'll hold ten to one—you are all in the Wrong.

Ye Knaves, who make News for the Fooliſh to read,
Who print daily Slanders the Hungry to feed;
For awhile you miſlead 'em, the news-hunting Throng,
But the Pillory proves—you are all in the Wrong.

Ye grave Politicians, ſo deep and ſo wiſe,
With your Hums, and your Shrugs, and your uplifted Eyes;
The Road that you travel is tedious and long,
But I pray you jog on—you are all in the Wrong.

Ye happy fond Husbands, and fond happy Wives,
Let never Suſpicions embitter your Lives;
Let your Prudence be ſtout, and your Faith be as ſtrong;
Who watch, or who catch—you are all in the Wrong.

Ye unmarried Folks, be not bought or be ſold,
Let Age avoid Youth, and the young Ones the Old;
For they'll ſoon get together, the Young with the Young,
And then my wiſe old Ones—you are all in the Wrong.

Ye Soldiers, and Sailors, who bravely have fought,
Who Honour, and Glory, and Laurels have bought;
Let your Foes but appear, you'll be at 'em ding dong,
And if they come near you they're all in the Wrong.

Ye Judges of Taſte, to our Labours be kind;
Our Errors are many, pray wink or be blind:
Still find your Way hither to glad us each Night,
And our Note we will change, to—you're all in the Right.

SONG CXLIV.

(*As I was a driving my Waggon one Day.*)

COME, *Roger*, and liſten to where I have been,
Ize tell thee what wonderful Zights I have zeen;
Zuch Places for Paſtime as now bear Renown,
In that famous Zity call'd vair *London* Town.

(John *and* Betty.)

Firſt you muſt know,
That we did go,
Into the Zity;
And zaw not far,
From *Temple-Bar*,
The Wax-Work pretty.

(*I made Love to* Kate.)

Then they carry'd me
To Church built by St. *Paul*;
Tho' Thouſands I did zee,
'Twas bigger than 'em all:
And up the winding Stairs,
Amaz'd we did aſcend;
So many! wounds I thought,
We ne'er ſhould zee an End:
But how I gap'd and ſtar'd when to the Top I came,
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the ſame.

(Tom *loves* Mary.)

To *Guildhall* next we did repair,
That we might view the Giants;
They told me they ſtood always there,
To bid the *French* Defiance; That

That when they heard the Clock ſtrike One,
They would come down and greet me:
I cod, I did not like ſuch Vun,
I was afraid they'd eat me.

(*Stick a Pin there.*)

And to the *Tower* away we all ſtroll'd,
The Lions, the Armour, and Crown to behold;
When the Show-Men at laſt bid the Laſſes ſo fair,
In *Harry*'s Pincuſhion to ſtick a Pin there,
Stick a Pin, &c.

(*My fond Shepherds of late.*)

Back to *Weſtminſter-Abbey* we ſtray'd,
Where are ſeen all the Kings, Queens and Tombs;
But I never ſaw, ſince I was made,
Such a Number of deadly high Rooms:
Then the Organs play'd up too ſo vine,
What the Boys zung I underſtood not;
But the People in Chorus did join,
That in Heaven I thought I was got.

(*The* Attick *Fire.*)

At Playhouſe too I did admire,
A Man who walk'd upon the Wire,
As thof it was the Ground;
And then the Zails of our old Mill,
When mov'd, compar'd with him ſtood ſtill,
So vaſt he did turn round.

(Kitty Fell.)

But now the Time, alas! was come,
When I muſt think of going Home;
Ah me! unhappy Clown:
I dreamt of what I'd ſeen all Night,
And early by the Morning Light,
I left dear *London* Town.

SONG

SONG CXLV.

GENTLE Heart, give over ſighing,
Ceaſe to haunt the ſhady Grove;
Idly think no more of dying,
Polly's Pride has cur'd thy Love.

Heav'nly Reaſon now direct me,
From thy Laws no more I'll rove;
Thy ſweet Power ſhall now protect me,
'Gainſt the fierce Aſſaults of Love.

Oh! I'm bluſhing at my Folly,
When with ardent Vows I ſtrove,
To inſtruct the Heart of *Polly*
How to ſigh, and how to love.

She hard-hearted, haughty Creature,
No endearing Words cou'd move;
Cruel Frowns fill'd ev'ry Feature,
At each Word and Look of Love.

But, thank Heav'n! my Folly ceaſes,
Sighs are from my Boſom drove;
How the ſweet Reflection pleaſes,
Thus to live, and laugh at Love!

Ah! what Nymph is this Way coming!
How majeſtick does ſhe move!
Cheeks like new-blown Roſes blooming;
Ah! my Heart!——beware of Love.

Oh! 'tis *Polly!*——But, amazing!
Smiles o'er all her Beauties rove!
And her Eyes with Tranſport gazing,
Fill'd with Sweetneſs, fill'd with Love.

Now

Now ſhe ſtands with Arms extended,
By my Paſſion I am drove;
Every Pow'r of Reaſon's ended——
Farewel Reaſon——welcome Love.

SONG CXLVI.

NO longer let whimſical Songſters compare
The Merits of Wine with the Charms of the Fair;
I appeal to the Men, to determine between
A tun-bellied *Bacchus*, and Beauty's fair Queen.

The Pleaſure of Drinking henceforth I reſign,
For tho' there is Mirth, yet there's Madneſs in Wine;
Then let no falſe Sparkles our Senſes beguile,
'Tis the Mention of *Chloe* that makes the Glaſs ſmile.

Her Beauties with Rapture my Senſes inſpire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire:
But the Charms of her Temper and Mind I adore;
Theſe Virtues ſhall bleſs me, when Beauty's no more.

A Sot, as he riots in Liquor, will cry,
"The longer I drink the more thirſty am I;"
From this fair Confeſſion, 'tis plain, my good Friend,
You're a Toper eternal, and drink to no End.

Let the Men of all Nations, but *Italy*, prove,
The Bleſſings that wait upon Beauty and Love;
But in Boozing, alas! one unfortunate Bout,
Will rob us of Vigour, and give us the Gout.

How happy our Days when with Love we engage?
'Tis the Tranſport of Youth, and the Comfort of Age:
But what are the Joys of the Bottle or Bowl?
Wine tickles the Palate—Love bleſſes the Soul.

Now Then

Then let us no longer conſume the bright Day,
In drinking our Health, and our Senſes away;
For Wine, tho' ſo ſtrong, will deprive us of Might,
And leave us no Oil in our Lamp for the Night.

Your big-belly'd Bottle may raviſh your Eye,
But how fooliſh you'll look when your Bottle is dry?
For in Woman, for ever, Bliſs flows like a Spring;
Nay, the Stoicks muſt own, that ſhe is the good Thing.

To good Wine, yet ſome Praiſe we may juſtly afford,
For a Time it will make one as great as a Lord:
But Woman for ever yields Rapture to Man;
And I'll ſing of the Ladies, as long as I can.

SONG CXLVII.

THE echoing Horn calls the Sportſmen abroad,
To Horſe, my brave Boys, and away;
The Morning is up, and the Cry of the Hounds,
Upbraids our too tedious Delay.
What Pleaſure we find in purſuing the Fox,
O'er Hill, and o'er Valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him——Huzza!
The Traitor is ſeiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at Night with the Spoil,
Like Bacchanals, ſhouting and gay;
How ſweet with a Bottle and Laſs to refreſh,
And loſe the Fatigues of the Day.
With Sport, Love, and Wine, fickle Fortune defy;
Dull Wiſdom all Happineſs ſours:
Since Life is no more than a Paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the Way over with Flow'rs.

SONG CXLVIII.

WHAT Shepherd, or Nymph of the Grove,
Can blame me for dropping a Tear;
Or lamenting aloud as I rove,
Since *Phœbe* is no longer here?

My Flocks, if at Random they ſtray,
What Wonder, if ſhe's from the Plains?
Her Hand they were wont to obey,
She rul'd both the Sheep and the Swains.

Can I ever forgot how we ſtray'd,
To the Foot of yon neighbouring Hill;
To the Bow'r we had built in the Shade,
Or the River that runs by the Mill?
There ſweet by my Side as ſhe lay,
And heard the fond Stories I told;
How ſweet was the Thruſh from the Spray,
Or the bleating of Lambs from the Fold?

How oft wou'd I ſpy out a Charm,
Which before had been hid from my View?
And while Arm was enfolded in Arm,
My Lips to her Lips how they grew!
How long the ſweet Conteſt wou'd laſt,
'Till the Hours of Retirement and Reſt;
What Pleaſures and Pains each had paſt,
Who longeſt had lov'd, and who beſt?

No Changes of Place or of Time,
I felt, when my Fair One was near;
Alike was each Weather and Clime,
Each Seaſon that chequer'd the Year:
In Winter's rude Lap did we freeze?
Did we melt on the Boſom of *May*?
Each Morn brought Contentment and Eaſe,
If we roſe up to work or to play.

She was all my fond Wiſhes cou'd ask;
She had all the kind Gods cou'd impart;
She was Nature's moſt beautiful Task,
The Deſpair and the Envy of Art.
There all that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was dreſs'd;
For the Graces were thron'd in her Eyes,
And the Virtues all lodg'd in her Breaſt.

SONG CXLIX.

A DIALOGUE.

HE. COME, live with me, pretty young Laſs,
I dwell at the Foot of yon Hill:
Your Time you may merrily paſs;
You ſhall ſay, or ſhall do what you will.

SHE. I thank you, and own that you're kind,
But chooſe not from *London* to rove;
Woods and Streams not at all ſuit my Mind,
Nor to live in a Cottage on Love.

HE. No lonely dull Pleaſure you'll find,
Our Paſtimes are blithſome and gay;
Our Wake may perhaps ſuit your Mind,
You wou'd like to be Queen of the *May*.

SHE. Nor your Sports, nor your ruſtical Glee,
Nor your *May*, nor your Wake can invite;
Such Joys are inſipid to me,
Away with ſuch ſimple Delight.

HE. Is it nothing to live free from Care,
Where ev'ry Thing's ſmiling around;
When Love, Health, and Plenty are there,
And Peace and Contentment are found?

SHE. Shou'd I take all for Truth that you ſay,
And taſte of your boaſted Delight;
How long, long wou'd ſeem ev'ry Day?
And the Screech-Owl wou'd ſcream thro' the Night.

HE. Naught is heard but the Nightingale's Song,
To lull my dear Charmer to Reſt:
Oh, come! to our Village belong,
You'll own that a Cottage is beſt.

SHE.

SHE. Your Offer I'm forc'd to put by,
I cannot be bleſt with a Clown:
Another may like it, not I;
For I love the dear Joys of the Town.

HE. Let us part, ſince we cannot agree;
Your Pleaſures for me wou'd not do:
SHE. And yours are too homely for me,
But may ſerve ſilly Swains, ſuch as you.

SHE. Then adieu, till our Meeting again;
Much Joy with your *Jenny* and *Nell*:
HE. And you from the Plains may return;
Thus we bid one another farewel.

SONG CL.

STELLA told me Yeſterday,
Struggling, panting, out of Breath,
Shepherd, what d'ye mean, I pray;
Wou'd you tumble me to Death?
You tare my Gown, you ſpoil my Hair;
I ne'er was treated ſo before;
I wonder how theſe Tricks you dare!
Begone! or ſee my Face no more.

With ſuch fierce Looks and Words diſplay'd,
The frighted Shepherd ſtood aghaſt;
A thouſand poor Excuſes made,
In hopes to ſooth the Fair at laſt.
Indeed I did not mean amiſs;
Forgive this raſh Offence, he cry'd;
I'll go next Time without a Kiſs,
But could not then, altho' I'd dy'd.

To hear and ſee you every Day,
To view thoſe Eyes like Di'monds bright,
Will tempt one's Wiſh to go aſtray,
And make it languiſh for Delight:

But who your Touch unmov'd can bear,
Muſt, or be more, or leſs than Man;
It makes one think of Heav'n, I ſwear;
Condemn me, *Stella*, if you can.

SONG CLI.

A DIALOGUE.

HE. LET Fops pretend in Flames to melt,
And talk of Pangs they never felt;
I ſpeak without Diſguiſe, or Art,
And with my Hand beſtow my Heart.

SHE. Let Ladies prudiſhly deny,
Look cold, and give their Thoughts the Lie;
I own the Paſſion in my Breaſt,
And long to make my Lover bleſs'd.

HE. For this the Sailor on the Maſt,
Endures the Cold, and cutting Blaſt;
All dripping wet wears out the Night,
And braves the Fury of the Fight.

SHE. For this the Virgin pines and ſighs,
With throbbing Heart, and ſtreaming Eyes;
'Till ſweet Reverſe of Joy ſhe proves,
And claſps the faithful Lad ſhe loves.

SONG CLII.

THE Heroes preparing to finiſh the War,
And bid to the Camp, to the Camp an Adieu;
Now ſheath up their Swords, and rejoice, O ye Fair,
To think, to think of returning to you.

With Smiles, then ye Laſſes, embelliſh your Charms,
Your Lovers with Rapture, with Rapture will come;
O! take the brave Fellows cloſe to your Arms,
And tenderly, tenderly welcome them Home.

SONG

SONG CLIII.

MY former Time, how brisk, how gay?
Oh! blithe was I, as blithe could be;
But now I'm ſad, ah! well-a-day!
For my true Love is gone to Sea.

The Lads purſue, I ſtrive to ſhun,
Though all their Arts are loſt on me;
For I, 'till Death, can love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to Sea.

As droop the Flow'rs, 'till Light's return,
As mourns the Dove its abſent She;
So will I droop, ſo will I mourn,
'Till my true Love returns from Sea.

SONG CLIV.

THE *May-Day* of Life is for Pleaſure,
For Singing, for Dancing and Show;
Then why will you waſte ſuch a Treaſure,
In ſighing and crying, heigh-ho!

Let's copy the Birds in the Meadows,
By her's tune your Pipe when 'tis low;
Fly round, and coquet it as ſhe does,
And never ſit crying——heigh-ho!

Though then in the Arms of a Lover,
It ſometimes may happen I know,
That when all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying, heigh-ho!

In Age, every one a new Part takes;
I find, to my Sorrow, 'tis ſo;
When old, you may cry 'till your Heart aches,
But no one will mind you——heigh-ho!

SONG CLV.

WERE I as poor as Wretch can be,
As great as any Monarch, he;
Ere on ſuch Terms I'd mount his Throne,
I'd work my Fingers to the Bone.

Grant me, ye Powers, I ask not Wealth,
Grant me but Innocence and Health;
Ah! what is Grandeur link'd to Vice?
'Tis only Virtue gives it Price.

SONG CLVI.

CAN the weak Taper's feeble Rays,
Or Lamp tranſmit the Sun's bright Blaze?
O no! then ſay how ſhall I,
In Words, be able to expreſs,
My Love it burns to ſuch Exceſs,
I almoſt die for *Sally*.

When late I wander'd o'er the Plain,
From Nymph to Nymph, I ſtrove in vain
My wild Deſires to rally:
But now they're of themſelves come Home;
And, ſtrange, no longer ſeek to roam,
They centre all in *Sally*.

Yet ſhe, unkind One, damps my Joy,
And cries, I court but to deſtroy;
Can Love with Ruin tally?
By thoſe dear Lips, thoſe Eyes, I ſwear,
I would all Deaths, all Torments bear,
Rather than injure *Sally*.

Come then, O come, thou ſweeter far
Then Jeſſamines and Roſes are,
Or Lillies of the Valley;

O follow Love, and quit your Fear,
He'll guide you to theſe Arms, my Dear,
And make me bleſs'd in *Sally*.

SONG CLVII.

A DIALOGUE.

HE.

COME, come, my dear Girl, I muſt not be deny'd,
Fine Cloaths you ſhall flaſh in and rant it away:
I'll give you this Purſe too; and, hark you, beſide,
We'll kiſs and we'll toy all the long Summer's Day.

SHE.

Of kiſſing and toying you ſoon would be tir'd;
O! ſhould helpleſs *Sally* conſent to be naught;
Beſides, Sir, believe me, I ſcorn to be hir'd;
The Heart's not worth gaining that is to bought.

HE.

Perhaps you're afraid of the World's buſy Tongue,
But know above Scandal you then ſhall be put;
And laugh, as you roll in your Chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chaſtity walking on Foot.

SHE.

If only through Fear of the World I was ſhy,
My Coyneſs and Modeſty were but ill ſhown:
Its Pardon 'twere eaſy, with Money to buy;
But how, tell me how I ſhould purchaſe my own?

HE.

Leave Morals to Grey-Beards, thoſe Lips were deſign'd
For better Employment——

SHE.

SHE.

I'll not be a Whore:

HE.

O fie, Child, Love bids you be rich and be kind;

SHE.

But Virtue commands, to be honeſt and poor.

SONG CLVIII.

FAREWEL Sorrow, farewel Pain,
We will now to drink again.
Diſcontent and haggard Care,
Find no Entrance where we are.

Human Nature will decay,
Life's ſweet Pleaſures haſte away;
Come then, Mortals, let's be wiſe,
Preſent Time we ought to prize.

Leave the Pride of Pomp and State,
Contentment dwells not with the Great:
That we're happier far then they,
No Man living can gainſay.

Bacchus chears the drooping Heart,
Joy and Raptures can impart;
As we drain the flowing Bowl,
We with Tranſports fill the Soul.

Wine new Spirits does create,
The Poor to Kings does elevate;
Greateſt Praiſes then are thine,
Roſy, ſparkling, generous Wine.

Move

Move the Bottle, fill the Glaſs,
Thus the pleaſing Minutes paſs:
Jovial Fellows, drink about,
We'll have more when this is out.

SONG CLIX.

A DIALOGUE.

DAMON.

HASTE, *Sylvia*, haſte, my charming Maid!
Let's leave theſe faſhionable Toys;
Let's ſeek the Shelter of ſome Shade,
And revel in ne'er-fading Joys.
See Spring, in Liv'ry gay appears,
And Winter's chilly Blaſts are fled;
Each Grove its leafy Honours rears,
And Meads their lovely Verdure ſpread!

SYLVIA.

Yes, *Damon*, glad I'll quit the Town,
Its Gaieties now languid ſeem;
Then Sweets, to Luxury unknown,
We'll taſte, and ſip th' untainted Stream.
In Summer's ſultry noon-tide Heat,
I'll lead thee to the ſhady Grove;
There huſh thy Cares, or pleas'd repeat
Thoſe Vows that won my Soul to love.

DAMON.

When o'er the Mountain peeps the Dawn,
And round her ruddy Beauties play,
I'll wake my Love to view the Lawn,
Or hear the Warblers hail the Day.
For, without thee, the riſing Morn
In vain awakes the cooling Breeze;
In vain does Nature's Face adorn;
Without my *Sylvia*, nought can pleaſe. *SYLVIA.*

SYLVIA.

At Night, when univerſal Gloom
  Hides the bright Proſpects from our View;
When the gay Groves gives up their Bloom,
  And verdant Meads their lovely Hue:
Tho' fleeting Spectres round me rove,
  When in thy circling Arms impreſt,
I'll huſh my riſing Fears with Love,
  And ſink in Slumber on thy Breaſt.

DAMON.

The new-blown Roſe, whilſt on its Leaves,
  Yet the bright ſcented Dew-Drop's found,
Pleas'd on thy Boſom, whilſt it heaves,
  Shall ſhake its heav'nly Fragrance round.
Then mingled Sweets the Senſe ſhall raiſe;
  Then mingled Beauties catch the Eye;
What Pleaſure on ſuch Charms to gaze!
  What Rapture 'midſt ſuch Sweets to lie!

SYLVIA.

How ſweet thy Words!—But, *Damon*, ceaſe,
  Nor ſtrive to fix me ever here;
Too well you know theſe Accents pleaſe,
  That oft have fill'd my raviſh'd Ear.
Come, lead me to theſe promis'd Joys,
  That dwelt ſo lately on thy Tongue;
Direct me by thy well-known Voice,
  And calm my Tranſports with thy Song!

SONG CLX.

HARK! the Horns call away,
  Come the Grave, come the Gay;
Wake to Muſic that wakens the Skies,
Quit the Bondage of Sloth, and ariſe.

From

From the Eaſt breaks the Morn;
See the Sun-beams adorn
The wild Heath, and the Mountains ſo high;
Shrilly opes the ſtaunch Hound,
The Steed neighs to the Sound,
And the Hills and the Valleys reply.

Our Forefathers ſo good,
Prov'd their Greatneſs of Blood,
By encount'ring the Bear and the Boar:
Ruddy Health bloom'd the Face,
Age and Youth urg'd the Chace,
And taught Woodlands and Foreſts to roar.

Hence of noble Deſcent,
Hills and Wilds we frequent,
When the Boſom of Nature's reveal'd:
Though in Life's buſy Day,
Man of Man's made a Prey,
Still let our's be the Prey of the Field.

With the Chace in full Sight,
Gods, how great the Delight!
How our moral Senſations refine?
Whence is Care, whence is Fear,
Like the Winds in the Rear,
And the Man loſt in ſomething divine!

Now to Horſe, my brave Boys;
Lo, each pants for the Joys
That anon ſhall enliven the Whole:
Then at Eve we'll diſmount,
Toils and Pleaſures diſcount,
And renew the Chace over the Bowl.

SONG

SONG CLXI.

DEAR *Betty* fair, whoſe daily Care, thy cleanly Dairy clean'd;
By ſecret Art, my youthful Heart with Warmth inflam'd;
But, Oh! her Pride, my Suit deny'd, and ſcorn'd my ſoft Affection;
In vain I ſtrove, to win her Love, for ſhe was Contradiction.

Tho' dull or fine, each Morn, her Kine I ſought around the Mead;
Her Poultry too, I give their Due, and did her Pigeons feed:
I try'd all Day, each tender Way, my Love to know no Reſtriction;
Yet poor my Care, to move the Fair——ſhe ſtill was Contradiction.

The purblind Boy, whoſe ſole Employ, is gentle Heart to Pain,
Now touch'd my Ear, fond Youth forbear, thy Courtſhip's all in vain:
Behold thy Tongue, and glibly hung; yet not with Truth, but Fiction;
Though now ſhe ſlight, you'll then delight, and pleaſe by Contradiction.

All in a Trice, the kind Advice, from *Cupid* I purſu'd;
And told the Fair, her haughty Air, my Paſſion had ſubdu'd:
This ſudden Change, ſhe vow'd was ſtrange, and ſigh'd with Self-conviction;
From Church to Bed, the Maid is led, and charm'd by Contradiction.

SONG

SONG CLXII.

WHEN laſt we parted on the Plain,
Fond *Damon* ſeem'd full loth to go;
He kiſs'd, and ſaid, that ſoon again
He'd come, and would not leave me ſo:
For that, ſays he, the Time is near,
And then, my Love, I do deſign,
It is the laſt Day in the Year,
To come and be your Valentine.

I wiſh'd the tedious Hours to fly,
And long'd the look'd-for Day to ſee;
And as the Time then grew ſo nigh,
How bleſt, thought I, will *Nancy* be.
The Morning came, and at my Door,
I heard a Voice, that ſaid, incline,
For once, dear Girl, if never more,
To riſe and ſee your Valentine.

A thouſand Fears diſturb'd my Mind,
'Twas *Thyrſis* there in *Damon*'s ſtead;
I thought my Youth was quite unkind,
Nor knew what ſhould be done, or ſaid.
I hop'd it could not be a Sin,
In ſpite to *Damon*, now not mine;
I let the kinder *Thyrſis* in,
And was that Shepherd's Valentine.

Nor what I did I now repent,
For fickle *Damon*, ſoon as Light,
To *Lucy* on that Morning went,
Nor has been ſince from out her Sight:
And *Thyrſis*, late but half-lov'd Swain,
Is now both all, and only mine;
I bleſs the Time, that once was Pain,
He came to be my Valentine.

SONG CLXIII.

BENEATH this Grove, this ſilent Shade,
Come, *Damon*, to thy gentle Maid:
What other Nymph would love like me;
But, Oh! thou'rt all Inconſtancy.

You us'd to talk of Love and Bliſs,
And often ſigh'd my Lips to kiſs;
But roving now in ſweeter Glee,
For thou art all Inconſtancy.

Here fragrant Flow'rs ſweetly ſpring,
The feather'd Choir in Concert ſing;
Yet vain is what I hear and ſee,
Since *Damon*'s all Inconſtancy.

The am'rous Doves now bill and cooe,
And ſo, falſe *Damon*, ſo can you;
But can't, like them, contented be,
Thy ſole Delight's Inconſtancy.

Ye ſimple Fair, believe not Man,
They all proceed on *Damon*'s Plan;
Then from their Sex, your Hearts keep free,
And love, like them, Inconſtancy.

SONG CLXIV.

O TRUE Content! ſecure from Harms,
What's all the World without thy Charms?
Which ſtill allure to Reſt:
Compar'd there with, all earthly Joys
Are empty, fading trifling Toys;
In thee Mankind are bleſt.

Bereſt

Bereft of thee, no Monarchs have
Such Pleaſure as the meaneſt Slave,
To whom thou giv'ſt Relief;
Thy Subjects ſhew profound Reſpect,
Nor Duty wilfully neglect,
Thy Abſence cauſes Grief.

Where'er thou reign'ſt there's ſolid Peace,
Thro' thee true Virtue does increaſe;
Thy Countenance expels
The gloomy Proſpects of Deſpair,
It diſſipates the ſlaviſh Fear,
With whomſoe'er it dwells.

Come then, thou pleaſing Beauty bright,
Reſide with me both Day and Night,
Diſplay thy lovely Charms;
Be thou diffus'd within my Breaſt,
And let me ſtill ſecurely reſt,
Enfolded in thy Arms.

SONG CLXV.

PHILLIS, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the Day;
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our Lives beyond the Span,
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies;
For would Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love hath Wings, and will away.

Love hath ſwifter Wings than Time,
Change in Love to Heav'n does climb;
Gods, that never change their State,
Vary oft their Love and Hate.

Phillis, to this Truth we owe
All the Love betwixt us two;
Let not you and I enquire
What has been our paſt Deſire.

On what Shepherd you have ſmil'd,
Or what Nymph I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the Planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do:
For the Joys we now may prove,
Take Advice of preſent Love;
Quickly ſieze the golden Hour,
Sieze it while its in our Pow'r.

SONG CLXVI.

LOVELY *Celia*, heavenly Maid!
Kind, gentle, fair and free;
In all thy Sexes Charms array'd,
How few are found like thee?

Thy Image always fills my Mind,
The Theme of ev'ry Song;
I'm fix'd to thee alone, I find,
But ask me not how long.

The Fair in general I've admir'd,
Have long been falſe and true;
And when the laſt my Fancy tir'd,
It wander'd round to you.

Then, while I can, I'll be ſincere,
As Turtles to their Mates;
This Moment yours and mine, my Dear,
The next you know is Fate's.

SONG

SONG CLXVII.

SAYS pretty *Polly*, kiſs me; come, kiſs me while you may;
If now you do not kiſs me, I will no longer ſtay.
Says pretty, &c.
If now you will not kiſs me, I will run away;
I will, I can, I won't no longer ſtay:
Come kiſs me, come kiſs me while you may;
If now you will not kiſs me, I will run away.

SONG CLXVIII.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

STAND in Array, ye vocal Throng,
In ſweeteſt Lays aſſiſt my Song;
And in the joyful Chorus join,
In Praiſe of Muſick and of Wine.

AIR.

In Muſick's moſt delightful Strains,
Let each his Time employ;
Aſſiſt my Song, ye jovial Swains,
Contribute to our Joy.

'Tis Harmony the Soul will chear,
Beyond the Power of Wine;
Melodious Sounds delight the Ear,
When Concords ſweetly join.

Unfathom'd Sweets in Muſick dwell,
None can the Bottom find;
Charms which all other Arts excel,
To elevate the Mind.

Wine has its Charms, tho' often veil'd
Beneath the ſottiſh Brow;
Yet ſtill they're Charms, howe'er conceal'd,
Whether by Friend or Foe.

Then drink a Health to GEORGE our King,
And in this Chorus join;
The Bottle take, then fill the Glaſs
With Bumpers of good Wine.

CHORUS.

With loud Huzzas to GEORGE's Praiſe,
Let every Tongue reſound;
May *Britain*'s Iſle to lateſt Days
With Freedom e'er be crown'd.

SONG CLXIX.

NOW the genial Spring appears,
With fair Flowers of ev'ry Hue,
Snow-Drops ev'ry Valley wears,
Lillies white and Violets blue;
Snow-Drops ev'ry Valley wears,
Lillies white and Violets blue.

Roſes bluſhing on the Spray,
Honey of ſweet Woodbines made,
Honey of ſweet Woodbines made:
Ladies, theſe all ſeem to ſay,
If not pluck'd, we ſoon ſhall fade.

Bluſhing red, and pureſt white,
O'er the Hedge or in the Lawn,
Prettily to Love invite,
Showing Woman in her Dawn;
Prettily to Love invite,
Showing Woman in her Dawn.

Cherries, kiſſing as they grow,
Cowſlips, ſpringing in the Shade,
Cowſlips, ſpringing in the Shade;

Ladies

Ladies, Emblems theſe of you:
Pluck us ſay, or we ſhall fade;
Ladies, Emblems theſe of you,
Pluck us ſay, or we ſhall fade.

SONG CLXX.

WAS ever Damſel ſo diſtreſs'd?
Alas! my bleeding Heart will break;
Where ſhall I fly for Eaſe or Reſt?
Why will you thus my Lover take?
Why will you thus my Lover take?

Thus moaning like the faithful Dove,
Whoſe Mate is torn away and gone;
I'll ſeek the Covert of the Grove,
And pine myſelf to Death alone,
And pine myſelf to Death alone.

SONG CLXXI.

FIE on Love, it not befits,
Any Maiden in her Wits;
Laſſes never let us ſhow it,
Laſſes never let us ſhow it:
Never mind the am'rous Swain,
Straws and Feathers fill the Brain,
Of the Lover and the Poet,
Of the Lover and the Poet.

Single Life is oft a Curſe,
But a married State is worſe;
Full of Plagues, of Cares and Evil,
Full of Plagues, of Cares and Evil:
Feaſt not Sots on Beauties Charms,
Nor ſhall Cowards fill our Arms;
No, I'd rather have the D——l,
No, I'd rather have the D——l.

But

But give me the Man of Worth,
More of Merit than of Birth;
Strong and active, bold and jolly,
Strong and active, bold and jolly:
Who can pleaſe, or who defend,
Be the Lover and the Friend;
Free from Vice and free from Folly,
Free from Vice and free from Folly.

SONG CLXXII.

PLEASING Viſions ſhall attend thee,
Soft Repoſe and blooming Joy;
Smiling Hours the Gods ſhall ſend thee,
Happy then their Gifts employ.
Pleaſing Viſions ſhall attend thee,
Soft Repoſe and blooming Joy.

SONG CLXXIII.

HENCE be baniſh'd ev'ry Care,
Dangers none I have to fear;
All the Bleſſings Life can give,
I'll delight in while I live.

Vain are Mortals when they aim,
At the ſounding Bubble, Fame;
Nothing's laſting, Nothing's ſure,
But one End which all procure.

Shall I then perplex my Brain,
For each idle Toy in vain?
No: This Maxim I'll purſue;
Virtue is the ſafeſt Clue.

SONG

SONG CLXXIV.

A DIALOGUE.

TRUMPETS wake! begin the Lay,
To welcome GEORGE's Natal Day!
The Day, as now, be ever dear,
To grace and mark the circling Year!

He. Flattery's Voice be heard not here,
GEORGE from ſuch wou'd turn his Ear;
We pour the grateful, honeſt Lay,
To hail our Monarch's Natal Day.

She. Hark! they cry thro' all the Plains,
GEORGE, the Friend of Freedom, reigns;
In Mirth, and Dance, and Roundelay,
We'll keep the much-lov'd annual Day.

He. GEORGE, to every *Briton* dear,
Himſelf a *Briton*, now muſt hear;
Muſt hear the duteous Vows we pay,
Upon this bleſs'd revolving Day.

She. GEORGE, the Praiſe of every Tongue,
May'ſt Thou reign and rule us long;
Whilſt all Thy bright Example ſee,
And ardent ſtrive to copy Thee!

He. When Battles ſhall no more appear,
That croud the great important Year;
May Thy fatiguing Labours ceaſe,
And Thou enjoy, who giv'ſt us, Peace.

She. Beauty adds her Wiſh and Care,
'Tis Thine to guard and bleſs the Fair;
That Years may roll in ſmiling Train,
And Glories brighten all Thy Reign!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

To GEORGE the Good, our Notes we raiſe,
Oft be theſe returning Days!
Let us ſhout, let Echo ring,
Long, O! long live GEORGE our King!

SONG CLXXV.

FROM ploughing the Ocean and thraſhing Monſieur,
In *Old England* we're landed once more:
Your Hands, my brave Comrades——Hallo Boys, what Cheer,
For a Sailor that's juſt come on Shore?

Thoſe hectoring Blades thought to ſcare us, no Doubt,
And cut us and ſlaſh us, morbleu!
But hold there, avaſt——they were plaguily out,
We have ſlic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then Courage, my Hearts, your own Conſequence know,
Your Invaders ſhall ſoon do you Right;
The Lion may rouſe, when he hears the Cock crow,
But ſhould never be put in a Fright.

You've only to ſhun your nonſenſical Jars,
Your d——n'd Party and idle Conteſt;
And let all your Strife be, like us honeſt Tars,
Who ſhall fight for his Country the beſt.

A ſea-faring Spark, if the Maids can affect,
Bid the ſimpering Gipſies look to't;
Sound Bottoms they'll find us in ev'ry Reſpect,
And our Pockets well laden to boot.

The Landſman, mayhap, in the way of Diſcourſe,
Has more Art to perſuade, and the like;
But wear thoſe falſe Colours, for better for worſe,
It's the Bargain we're willing to ſtrike.

Now

Now long live the King; may he proſp'rous Reign,
Of no Power, of no Faction afraid;
May *Britain*'s proud Flag ſtill exult o'er the Main,
At all Points of the Compaſs diſplay'd.

No Quick-Sands endanger, no Storms overwhelm;
Steady, ſteady and ſafe may ſhe ſail;
No ignorant Pilots e'er ſit at her Helm,
Or her Anchor of Liberty fail.

SONG CLXXVI.

WHEN *Charlotte* plough'd the azure Main,
Around each Sea-green Triton hung;
Each lovely Nereid join'd Her Train,
And thus prophetic *Neptune* ſung:
Rule, Britannia, *rule the Waves*,
Britons *never ſhall be Slaves*.

A Monarch, bleſs'd by ev'ry Power
That guards the Brave, the Free, the Good,
Impatient waits to hail the Hour,
That crowns Thee Miſtreſs of the Flood.
Rule, Britannia, *&c.*

Yon favour'd Iſles, whoſe wide Domain,
Spreads far as Ocean ſwells his Tide,
Shall boaſt the Glories of Thy Reign,
And make their Sov'reign's Choice their Pride.
Rule, Britannia, *&c.*

To diſtant Times th' hiſtoric Page
Shall GEORGE's wond'rous Acts convey;
How *Gallia* ſhrunk beneath His Rage,
And *Britain* own'd His milder Sway.
Rule, Britannia, *&c.*

Nor

Nor ſhall the laſting Bleſſings ceaſe,
When Time ſhall late transfer the Crown;
From Thee ſhall ſpring a num'rous Race,
To hand ten Thouſand Virtues down.
Rule, Britannia, *&c.*

SONG CLXXVII.

RECITATIVE.

TO yonder Beeches friendly Shade,
Repair my *Aura*, lovely Maid!
And while our Lambkins Frolick make,
Thy Shepherd's Treaſure ſmiling take.

AIR.

Where to my Wiſh thy Temples bound,
How *India*'s Gems ſhould blaze around;
Yet Wiſhes are but idle Breath,
Accept in Lieu a roſy Wreath.

Had I proud *Perſia* at my Beck,
What gaudy Robes my Fair ſhou'd deck;
But as it is vouchſafe to wear
What once enwrapt my fleecy Care.

Of burniſh'd Gold, or Silver fair,
Thoſe Feet of thine ſhou'd Sandals bear;
But all I have I offer now,
The Hide of *Dap*, thy favourite Cow.

Said *Aura*, Sandals, Robes and Crowns,
Are ſlender Proofs 'gainſt Fortune's Frowns;
We've Health and Eaſe——Is Heaven ſcant?
Here take my Hand——We've all we want.

SONG

SONG CLXXVIII.

Sung at the Opening of Marybone-Gardens.

Mr. *LOWE.*

NOW the Summer advances, and Pleaſure removes
From the Smoak of the Town, to the Fields and the Groves;
Permit me to hope, that your Favours again,
May ſmile, as before, on this once happy Plain.

Miſs *CATLEY.*

Tho' here no Rotunda expands the wide Dome,
No Canal on its Borders invites ye to roam;
Yet Nature ſome Bleſſings has ſcatter'd around;
And Means to improve, may hereafter be found.

Miſs *MILES.*

On Spots as uncouth, from Foundations as mean,
Some Structures ſtupendous, exalted have been;
Hence ſtarted *Vauxhall*, and thus *Ranelagh* grew
From Rudeneſs to Grandeur, ſupported by you.

Miſs *SMITH.*

The barreneſt Heath, may by Art be improv'd;
'T has Rivers diverted and Mountains remov'd:
Do you then the Sunſhine of Favour diſplay,
And Culture ſhall ſoon the glad Summons obey.

Miſs *CATLEY.*

Mean while, ev'ry Effort to pleaſe ye we'll try;

Miſs *MILES.*

Good Muſic, good Wine, with each other ſhall vie.

Miſs *SMITH.*

To gain your Eſteem's the full Scope of our Plan,

Mr. *LOWE.*

And we'll ſtrive to deſerve it, as well as we can.

CHORUS.

To gain your Eſteem's the full Scope of our Plan,
And we'll ſtrive to deſerve it, as well as we can.

SONG CLXXIX.

WITH us alike each Seaſon ſuits,
The Spring has fragrant Flow'rs;
The Summer, Shade; the Autumn, Fruits;
The Winter, ſocial Hours.
A bleating Flock, an humble Cot,
Of ſimple Food a Store:
Theſe are a bleſs'd unenvy'd Lot——
We ask the Gods no more.

SONG CLXXX.

'TWAS underneath a *May* blown Buſh,
Where Violets bloom and ſweet Primroſes;
With Voice melodious as a Thruſh,
Young *Johnny* ſung, collecting Poſies:
Thoſe to the Breaſt muſt be convey'd,
Of her who ſways my warmeſt Fancy;
The tender, bluſhing, blooming Maid,
My ſmiling, mild, good-natur'd *Nancy*.

I know that ſome her Youth will jear,
And call me witleſs Auff and Zani;
But I, from conſtant Heart, declare,
I ne'er will wed, except my *Nanny*.

I envy

I envy them nor Pomp, or Dreſs,
Nor Conqueſt gain'd o'er Hearts of many;
The Study of my Life's to bleſs,
And pleaſe my dear, my grateful *Nanny*.

How much unlike my Fair to thoſe,
Whoſe wanton Charms are free to any;
I'd give the World could I diſcloſe,
A fiftieth Part the Worth of *Nanny*.
Let Bucks and Bloods in burnt Champaign,
Toaſt *Lucy*, *Charlotte*, *Poll* and *Fanny*;
At Notions ſo abſurd and vain,
I ſmile, and claſp my blameleſs *Nanny*.

SONG CLXXXI.

IF the Swain we ſigh for preſs us,
Oh! how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe!
If the Shock we loath addreſs us,
How tranſporting 'tis to teize!

SONG CLXXXII.

RECITATIVE.

COME, *Chearfulneſs*, triumphant Fair!
Shine thro' the painful Cloud of Care.

DUET.

O ſweet of Language! mild of Mien!
O Virtue's Friend! and Pleaſure's Queen!
Fair Guardian of domeſtic Life;
Beſt Baniſher of home-bred Strife.
No ſullen Lip, or taunting Eye,
Deform the Scene where thou art by.

RECITATIVE.

No ſick'ning Husband blames the Hour,
That bound his Joys to female Pow'r:
No pining Mother weeps the Cares
That Parents waſte on hopeleſs Heirs:
Th' officious Daughters pleas'd attend;
The Brother riſes to the Friend.

DUET and CHORUS.

By Thee! their Board with Flow'rs is crown'd;
By Thee! with Songs their Walks reſound:
By Thee! their ſprightly Mornings ſhine;
And Ev'ning Hours in Peace decline.
Attend, and grace our gen'rous Toils
With all thy Garlands, all thy Smiles.

SONG CLXXXIII.

IN *June*'s fragrant Month, where the ſilver *Thames* flows,
And Nature's gay Beauties tranſparently ſhows,
I walk'd with my *Nancy* lock'd cloſe Arm in Arm,
And prattled of Love as I view'd ev'ry Charm;
I prais'd her white Boſom, her black flowing Hair,
Lord, bleſs me! ſaid ſhe, this is going too far.

I lov'd the fair Maid, and my Suit I preferr'd;
When Virtue I prais'd, ſhe attentively heard:
She bluſh'd, as I talk'd of a Veſtal's Deſert;
And ſmil'd, as I vow'd ſhe had conquer'd my Heart:
Then tenderly ſaid, do not paſs ſuch an Air,
If you love not with Truth, this is going too far.

She told me, with Eloquence, fine as her Frame,
That Virtue and Honour were nobler than Fame;

That

That Love and Content were ſuperior to Wealth,
And ſplendid Ambition was nothing to Health;
That Marr'age was ſacred, which Heav'n made its Care.
Lord, bleſs me! thought I, this is going too far.

Perhaps, I reply'd, ſhould ſhe offer her Hand,
On me her Inferior in Flocks and in Land,
Her Friends would deſpiſe her, the World it might blame,
Though her Senſe and her Merit would ſtill be the ſame;
Her Beauty and Fortune might well claim a Star,
She ſtarted, and ſaid, this is going too far.

Her Rebuke it was juſt, but her Frown was ſevere,
Such Beauty and Anger no Mortal can bear;
I ſeiz'd her white Hand, which I preſs'd with my Lip,
Such Sweetneſs the Bees on fair *Hybla* would ſip;
I ask'd her Forgiveneſs, ſhe granted my Pray'r,
And yet ſeem'd afraid, this is going too far.

I vow'd that my Heart was entirely her own,
Which ſhould yield to her Sway, as the Tide to the Moon;
She own'd that her Paſſion ſhould equally run,
As true to my Flame, as its Flower to the Sun;
Hymen's Torch brightly blaz'd, which has bleſs'd the fond Pair,
Who love, and ne'er ſay, this is going too far.

SONG CLXXXIV.

TO blaſt a Rival's Happineſs
We ev'ry Art employ;
And ſcarcely can our own Succeſs
Convey a purer Joy.

In Jealouſy's unequal Scale,
Her Loſs appears our Gain:
Unbleſt ourſelves, we ſeek to ſteal
A Pleaſure from her Pain.

SONG CLXXXV.

MORE bright the Sun began to dawn,
The merry Birds to ſing;
And Flow'rets dappled o'er the Lawn,
In all the Pride of Spring:
When for a Wreath young *Damon* ſtray'd,
And ſmiling to me brought it;
Take this, he cry'd, my deareſt Maid!
And who——aye, who'd have thought it?

I bluſh'd the Preſent to receive,
And thank'd him o'er and o'er;
When ſoft he ſigh'd, my Love, forgive,
I muſt have ſomething more:
One kind ſweet Kiſs will pay me beſt;
So earneſtly he ſought it,
I let him kiſs me, I proteſt,
And who——aye, who'd have thought it?

A Swain that woo'd with ſo much Art,
No Nymph could long diſdain;
Secret Flame ſoon touch'd my Heart,
And fluſh'd thro' every Vein:
'Twas Love inſpir'd the pleaſing Change,
From his my Boſom caught it:
'Twas ſtrange, indeed, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
And who——aye, who'd have thought it?

Hark,

Hark, *Hymen* calls! the Shepherd cry'd,
Let us, my Fair, comply:
We inſtant went, with Love our Guide,
And bound the nuptial Tie:
And ever ſince that happy Day,
As mutual Warmth has taught it,
We fondly kiſs, and ſport, and play,
And who——aye, who'd have thought it?

SONG CLXXXVI.

SINCE firſt thoſe Eyes enſlav'd my Heart,
In Size I'm waſted Half;
My Looks betray my inward Smart—
Ah! cruel, cruel *Daph!*
Ah! cruel, &c.

My Vows you ſlight, you mock my Sighs,
My Tears but make you laugh:
Each Parent with my Wiſh complies—
None frowns but cruel *Daph.*
But cruel, &c.

My Love you hate, my Perſon ſcorn,
My Wealth deſpiſe as Chaff——
Yet to that Vagabond forlorn,
To *Pol* you're gentle *Daph.*
You're gentle, &c.

SONG CLXXXVII.

YOUNG *Phillis* one Morning a Maying wou'd go,
When ſaunt'ring among the ſweet Meads to and fro;
In vain did the Cowſlips her fair Hand invite,
Nor Daiſies nor Daffodils gave her Delight:

Her

Her Heart with the throbbing of Paſſion did move,
Each Bird on the Spray cou'd have told her 'twas Love,
Each Bird on the Spray, &c.

At length ſhe grew weary and ſate by a Brook,
Where *Strephon*, the Shepherd, was baiting his Hook;
Unnotic'd he ſaw her, and heard her complain,
His Heart was inflam'd to allay her ſoft Pain:
The Swain had led many a Laſs to the Grove,
And he, wicked Rogue, thought that *Phillis* wou'd love,
And he, &c.

Howe'er as her Mind was by Innocence dreſs'd,
'Twas plain that fair Virtue was lodg'd in her Breaſt:
Her Beauty was much, but her Modeſty more,
Which *Strephon* perceiv'd and began to adore.
He knelt at her Feet, with a Garland he wove,
And *Phillis* conſented to make him her Love,
And *Phillis*, &c.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

GO, deceitful Fair One, leave me,
All thy treach'rous Arts are vain;
Soothing Smiles ſhall ne'er deceive me,
Nor thy Frowns e'er give me Pain.
Love's reſiſtleſs Pow'r invading,
Robb'd my gen'rous Sonl of Reſt;
Reaſon, Honour, Glory, aiding,
Drove the Traitor from my Breaſt.
Go, deceitful, &c.

To ſome favour'd Rival fly;
Fold him in thy wanton Arms:
Sooth, careſs him, then betray;
'Till, like me, he curſe thy Charms.
Go, deceitful, &c.

SONG

SONG CLXXXIX.

I Like the Man whoſe ſoaring Soul,
Is gen'rous and refin'd;
Whoſe Paſſions act beneath Controul,
With Love and Honour join'd.
The Oak, by Woodbines on the Plain,
Encompaſs'd and careſs'd,
Is not more ſtedfaſt in its Reign,
Nor is more ſweetly dreſs'd,
Is not more ſtedfaſt, &c.

The frothy Sons of Vice and Show,
Like Shadows and like Noiſe,
Have nothing in themſelves, we know,
That ſober Senſe enjoys:
But pure and conſtant Love endears,
And feaſts both Ear and Sight;
While ev'ry Thing that Virtue fears
Can give no true Delight,
While ev'ry Thing, &c.

SONG CXC.

LOVELY Nymph, aſſuage my Anguiſh;
At your Feet a tender Swain
Prays, you will not let him languiſh:
One kind Look wou'd eaſe his Pain.

Did you know the Lad that courts you,
He not long needs ſue in vain;
Prince of Song, of Dance, of Sport, you
Scarce will meet his Like again.

SONG

SONG CXCI.

THO' his Paſſion in Silence the Youth wou'd conceal,
What his Tongue wou'd not utter his Eyes ſtill reveal;
And by ſoft ſtolen Glances unwillingly prove,
That they are the Tell-Tales of *Celadon*'s Love,
That they are the Tell-Tales, &c.

To the Grove, to the Green, to the Dance, to the Fair,
Wherever I go my blithe Shepherd is there:
I know the fond Youth by his Bluſh and his Smile;
And ſurely ſuch Looks were not made to beguile,
And ſurely ſuch Looks, &c.

Tho' indiff'rent the Subject, whatever it prove,
He inſenſibly turns the Diſcourſe upon Love;
If he talks to another, with Pleaſure I ſee,
Tho' his Words are to her, yet his Looks are to me,
Tho' his Words are to her, &c.

When he ſpeaks, if alone, I am ever in Fear,
He ſhou'd ſay what I dread, and yet wiſh moſt to hear:
Shou'd he mention his Love, tho' my Pride wou'd deny,
My Heart whiſpers, *Celia*; fond *Celia*, comply,
My Heart whiſpers, &c.

SONG CXCII.

VENUS, Queen of tender Paſſions,
Soft Diſpoſer of the Heart;
All thy am'rous Inclinations
To my *Cloe*'s Breaſt impart.

Like

Like the glitt'ring Snake extended
On a fragrant Bank of Flowers,
In my *Cloe*'s Breaſt are blended
Scorn and Beauty's fatal Powers.
Venus, Queen, &c.

Turn, ah! *Cloe*, turn and hear;
Pity wretched *Damon*'s Woe:
Alas! what human Heart can bear
The Force of Scorn and Beauty too!

SONG CXCIII.

HOW cou'd you ſtrive my Love to thwart?
You troubleſome, miſchievous Chit!
While you muſt be convinc'd in your Heart
That your own you advanc'd not a whit.
So lies in the Manger a Cur,
Unable himſelf to eat Hay;
Yet he ſnarls,
And quarrels,
And makes ſuch a Stir,
That he keeps the ſtarv'd Horſes away.

SONG CXCIV.

WHAT's ſweeter than the new-blown Roſe?
Or Breezes from the new-mown Cloſe?
What's ſweeter than an *April* Morn?
Or *May* Day's ſilver fragrant Thorn?
What than *Arabia*'s ſpicy Grove?
O ſweeter far the Breath of Love!

SONG

SONG CXCV.

Sung at Marybone-Gardens, *on His* MAJESTY's *Birth-Day.*

Miſs *SMITH.*

RECITATIVE.

DAughters of *Jove*, prime Source of Sacred Song,
Ye tuneful Fair! *Mæonian* Maids!
Leave awhile the bliſsful Throng,
Around your favourite *Helicon*,
And with your Preſence grace *Britannia*'s Shades.

AIR.

By *Tempe*'s green Groves;
By the *Graces* and *Loves*;
By your Numbers divine;
By the Notes ye refine:
Deſcend, ſweet Nymphs; deſcend, and ſing,
The Natal-Day of *Britain*'s King.

Mr. *LOWE.*

RECITATIVE.

Again the roſy Hours appear,
That ſtrew'd, with Bliſs, the happy Year;
That made, with Joy, the Vallies ring,
When *Britain* gain'd a *Britiſh* King.

AIR.

Hence, ye factious Herd, away;
A patriot Zeal inſpires my Breaſt,
With grateful Voice to hail the Day,
That bade *Britannia*'s Sons be bleſt:

Bade

Bade *Britannia*'s Sons be bleſt:
When ev'ry Virtue under Heaven,
That dignifies the human Breaſt,
To grace our future King was given.

Young GENTLEWOMAN.

RECITATIVE.

Supreme of all Cœleſtial Powers,
Bleſs our Monarch's ſocial Hours.

AIR.

With blooming Youth, and melting Charms,
May *CHARLOTTE* bleſs His faithful Arms:
Every nuptial Bliſs prepare
Youth can give, or Age can ſhare;
Faith and Truth deſerve thy Care.

Miſs *CATLEY*.

RECITATIVE.

Softly ſweet, to *Britain*'s Heir,
Let the ready Numbers flow;
Make him, ye *Graces*, all your Care,
And your choiceſt Gifts beſtow;
That the Virtues of the Sire,
May the growing Son inſpire.

AIR.

With Zeal His infant Cradle tend,
Ye Pow'rs that Virtue's Cauſe befriend:
Prolong the Life, to *Britain* dear;
The Sons of Freedom claim your Care.

Miſs *SMITH.*

RECITATIVE.

Come, lovely *Liberty!* advance,
With all thy ſmiling Train;
Broken lie the Sword and Lance,
Oppos'd to ſpoil thy Reign.

AIR.

Liberty! the Woods;
Liberty! the Floods;
Liberty! the flow'ry Vallies ring:
Rocks rebound,
Caves reſound,
"Long live the King."

SONG CXCVI.

CLOE, by all the Pow'rs above,
To *Strephon* vow'd eternal Love:
A Roſe adorn'd her lovely Breaſt,
She on a Leaf the Vow impreſt;
But *Zephyr*, by her Side at Play,
Vow, Leaf, and Flow'r, blew quite away.

SONG CXCVII.

YE Lads and ye Laſſes, who bloom in your Prime,
I love and regard ye, the Jewels of Time:
Then liſt, and attend to the Words that I ſay,
For Life's a meer Vapour, a Thing of Decay.

As now, let me find ye with Smiles on your Brows;
Each Nymph prove indulgent, each Youth keep his Vows:
Save Love and good Humour, with Hearts that true chime,
All Joys that Men boaſt of, are Inſults of Time.

What a Wretch muſt he be, who ſo dotes upon Pelf,
To think that no Mortal feels Want but himſelf;
Who ſtarves 'midſt the Guineas he counts o'er with Glee;
Such, ſuch are the vileſt Abuſers of me.

The Girl that is ſqueamiſh, the icy-fac'd Prude;
The Man that is flinty, remorſeleſs, and rude;
With him that's a Milkſop, and baulks the full Toaſt,
As Time they abandon, by Time ſhall be loſt.

But ſtill to the Chearful, the Good, and the Gay,
December ſhall meet them ſtill mild as the *May*;
Hand in Hand I'll conduct them, who live without Crime,
From the Sons of the Earth to the Father of Time.

SONG CXCVIII.

HASTE hither——haſte, where gay Delight
Diſpels the ebon Gloom of Night;
While Star-ey'd *Venus* ſweetly ſmiles,
And all your Cares the Hours beguiles.

While on her Cheeks the Roſes glow,
And breathe their Sweets o'er Hills of Snow:
See, how around her purple Shrine,
The Loves and Graces all entwine.

Hark! how aronnd the Muſes ſing!
And wake the Flute, and touch the String;
While by th' entrancing Melody,
Our Thoughts are thrill'd to Extacy!

SONG CXCIX.

Mr. *LOWE.*

ALL hail to the King,
That in Youth's early Spring,
Such a Promiſe of Glory diſplays;
May his Race ſtill extend,
Freedom's Cauſe to defend,
And the Fame of *Old England* to raiſe.
May our *Edwards* of old,
And our *Harrys* ſo bold,
In his Iſſue again and again be renew'd;
That our Sons on the Main,
May their Empires maintain,
And Commerce in Safety purſu'd.

Miſs *CATLEY.*

With many a Scar,
Behold from the War,
The brave Legions of *Britain* advance:
From *Minden* they come,
Swell the Fife, beat the Drum;
From *Minden*, the Terror of *France*.
See the brave hardy Crew,
As they paſs in Review,
How they ſmile on their King's Royal Train;
When theſe, their Looks ſay,
Call us forth, we obey,
And we'll fight all our Battles again.

Miſs

Miſs *PLENIUS.*

From the Eaſt to the Weſt,
Britiſh Valour confeſt,
Standeth firſt on the Records of Fame;
Let *Williamſdorf*'s Plain,
And the Borders of *Spain*,
Britiſh Faith, *Britiſh* Courage proclaim.
From the dangerous Sword
Of Oppreſſion reſtor'd,
Fair Freedom again ſhall diſplay
In Safety her Wings,
For Protection, while Kings,
Grateful Homage to *Britain* ſhall pay.

Miſs *SMITH.*

The Feats that were done,
By *Philip*'s mad Son,
Were but Trifles to Glories like theſe;
For Ambition he fought,
And the Luſt only ſought,
Of his blood-thirſty Rage to appeaſe:
But *Britons*, more brave,
Draw the Sword but to ſave
From ſuch Tyrants the Right of Mankind;
And the Weapon again,
When their End they obtain,
Is in Peace to the Scabbard conſign'd.

Mr. *LOWE.*

A full flowing Glaſs,
Now to *Granby* we'll paſs,
And to each valiant Leader beſide;
Nor forget the brave Crew,
That with Hearts firm and true,
For their Country all Danger defy'd.

Let the Drum beat a Charge,
And the Nation at large,
Rend the wide-vaulted Sky with their Song;
'Till Echo the Sound
From her Grotto rebound,
And the loud Gratulation prolong.

SONG CC.

NYMPHS and Shepherds come away,
Wanton in the Sweets of *May*;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawns,
Wanton as the bounding Fawns;
Frolick, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Nymphs and Shepherds come away.

SONG CCI.

RECITATIVE.

WISDOM, too much thy Reaſons prove,
Tho' dear is Liberty, much dearer Love:
Reſiſt, deny, diſſemble all we can,
Still we incline to truſt the Traitor Man.

AIR.

Not Liberty's ſublimeſt Joys,
Not *Cupid*'s ever-pleaſing Toys,
Can all the yielding Soul poſſeſs,
And purchaſe real Happineſs.

The greateſt Bliſs that Tongue can tell,
Conſiſts alone in chuſing well:
Hence, ev'ry Rapture to improve,
Heav'n gave us Reaſon; Nature, Love.

When

When Reaſon takes Love's willing Hand,
And *Hymen* joins the ſacred Band;
Then only, then the Price we give,
For which the Wiſe may wiſh to live.

SONG CCII.

SHEPHERD, why this dull Delay?
Pleaſure calls thee, haſte away:
See the burning Sun advance;
Shepherd, waken from thy Trance.
Hear the Goldfinch from the Spray;
Hear the Blackbird's mellow Lay:
Artleſs Joy to them belong;
Catch the Muſic of their Song.

SONG CCIII.

NOW Pleaſure unbounded reſounds o'er the Plains,
And brightens the Smiles of the Nymphs and the Swains,
As they follow the laſt Team of Harveſt along,
And end all their Toils with a Dance and a Song.
Poſſeſs'd of the Plenty that bleſſes the Year,
Bleak Winter's Approach they behold without Fear;
And when Tempeſts rattle and Hurricanes roar,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languiſh for more.

Dear *Chloe*, from them let us learn to be wiſe,
And uſe ev'ry Moment of Life as it flies;
Gay Youth is the Spring-time, which all muſt improve,
For Summer to ripen an Harveſt of Love:

Our

Our Hearts then a provident Care ſhould engage,
To lay Friendſhip in Store for the Winter of Age;
Whoſe Frowns ſhall diſarm e'en *Chloe*'s bright Eye,
Damp the Flame in my Boſom and pall ev'ry Joy.

SONG CCIV.

WHERE ſhall *Celia* fly for Shelter?
In what ſecret Grove or Cave:
Sighs and Sonnets ſent to melt her,
From the Young, the Gay, the Brave.
Tho' with prudiſh Airs ſhe ſtarch her,
Still ſhe longs, and ſtill ſhe burns:
Cupid ſhoots like *Hayman*'s Archer,
Whereſoe'er the Damſel turns.

Virtue, Youth, good Senſe, and Beauty,
If Diſcretion guide us not,
Sometimes are the Ruffian's Booty,
Sometimes are the Booby's Lot:
Now they're purchas'd by the Trader,
Now commanded by the Peer;
Now ſome ſubtle mean Invader,
Wins the Heart, or gains the Ear.

O Diſcretion! thou'rt a Jewel,
Or our Grandmammas miſtake;
Stinting Flame by bating Fewel,
Always careful and awake.
Would you keep your Pearls from Tramplers,
Weigh the Licence, weigh the Banns;
Mark my Song upon your Samplers,
Wear it on your Knots and Fans.

SONG

SONG CCV.

THE Sun thro' low'ring Clouds at laſt,
Will force its ſhining Ray;
So you have from my anxious Breaſt,
Chac'd ſullen Grief away;
My Heart your Prize is made ſecure,
From every other Pain;
Tho' ſome unwillingly endure,
I glory in my Chain.

O! could I tell how much I love,
Since caught by *Cupid*'s Wiles;
My faithful Paſſion you'd approve,
And bleſs me with your Smiles:
But as no Language can expreſs,
Nor Tongue can ſpeak my Pain;
In Pity to my ſad Diſtreſs,
Love and be lov'd again.

SONG CCVI.

MY Daddy was gone to the Market two Mile,
My Mammy was gone to the Miller's the while;
In came my dear *Johnny*, and this was his Saying,
Lay by your Wheel, *Betſy*, come hither a Maying.

I anſwer'd him, No; 'twas a Folly to ask,
My Mammy had ſet me to ſpinning a Task:
Quoth he, cut the Tether, Dear, ſet the Cow ſtraying;
We'll tie her up ſafely, whilſt we are a Maying.

His Method I took, then how could I forbear,
I lov'd him too well to think falſely he'd ſwear:

He

He preſt my Lips gently, the Fool fell to playing;
The Time ran ſo ſweetly we did not go Maying.

My Daddy ne'er ask'd me a Word where I'd been;
My Mammy I told I'd the Cow to fetch in:
She ſaid, ſhe was ſure I'd been ſome where delaying,
But never ſuſpected that I'd been a Maying.

If *Johnny* proves true, as I think that he will,
The Market I'll bleſs and I'll honour the Mill,
That kept my old Daddy and Mammy ſo ſtaying,
When I was perſwaded by *Johnny* a Maying.

SONG CCVII.

OH! had I been by Fate decreed
Some humble Cottage Swain;
In fair *Roſetta*'s Sight to feed
My Sheep upon the Plain!

What Bliſs had I been born to taſte,
Which now I ne'er muſt know!
Ye env'ous Pow'rs, why have ye plac'd
My Fair One's Lot ſo low?

SONG CCVIII.

I Told my Nymph, I told her true,
My Fields were ſmall, my Flocks were few;
While fault'ring Accents ſpoke my Fear,
That *Flavia* might not prove ſincere.

Of Crops deſtroy'd by vernal Cold,
And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold!
Of theſe ſhe heard——yet ſore to hear——
And was not *Flavia* then ſincere?

How,

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle Wind,
The Friends I lov'd became unkind——
She heard, and ſhed a gen'rous Tear;
And is not *Flavia* then ſincere?

How, if ſhe deign'd my Love to bleſs,
My *Flavia* muſt not hope for Dreſs——
This too ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear;
And *Flavia* ſure muſt be ſincere.

Go ſhear your Flocks, ye jovial Swains,
Go reap the Plenty of your Plains;
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my *Flavia*'s Love ſincere.

SONG CCIX.

HOPE! thou Nurſe of fond Deſire,
Fairy Promiſer of Joy;
Painted Vapour, glow-worm Fire,
Temp'rate Sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou Earneſt of Delight,
Softeſt Soother of the Mind;
Balmy Cordial, Proſpect bright,
Sureſt Friend the Wretched find.

Kind Deceiver, flatter ſtill,
Deal out Pleaſures unpoſſeſt;
With thy Dreams my Fancy fill,
And in Wiſhes make me bleſt.

SONG

SONG CCX.

IF o'er the cruel Tyrant Love,
A Conqueſt I believ'd,
The flatt'ring Error ceaſe to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.
Forbear to fan the gentle Flame,
Which Love did firſt create;
What was my Pride is now my Shame,
And muſt be turn'd to Hate:
Then call not to my wav'ring Mind,
The Weakneſs of my Heart;
Which, ah! I feel, too much inclin'd
To take the Traitor's Part.

SONG CCXI.

IN Infancy our Hopes and Fears
Were to each other known;
No ſordid Int'reſt then appears,
Affection rules alone.
As Friendſhip ripen'd with our Youth,
The Fruit was gather'd there;
Bright Wiſdom and fair blooming Truth,
Suſided ev'ry Care.

Ah! happy, more than happy State,
Where Hearts are twin'd in one;
Yet few, ſo rigid is our Fate,
May wear the tender Crown:
By one rude Touch the Roſes fall,
And all their Beauties fade;
In vain we ſigh, in vain we call,
Too late is human Aid.

SONG

SONG CCXII.

MY Temples with Cluſters of Grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all Joy for a Goblet of Wine;
In Search of a *Venus* no longer I'll run,
But ſtop and forget her at *Bacchus*'s Tun.

Yet why this Reſolve to relinquiſh the Fair?
'Tis a Folly with Spirits like mine to deſpair;
And what mighty Charms can be found in a Glaſs,
If not fill'd to the Health of a favourite Laſs?

'Tis Woman, whoſe Charms ev'ry Rapture impart,
And lend a new Spring to the Pulſe of the Heart;
The Miſer himſelf, ſo ſupreme is her Sway,
Grows Convert to Love, and reſigns her his Key.

At the Sound of her Voice Sorrow lifts up her Head,
And Poverty liſtens well-pleas'd, from her Shed;
While Age in an Extacy hobb'ling along,
Beats Time with his Crutch to the Tune of her Song.

Then bring me a Goblet from *Bacchus*'s Hoard,
The largeſt and deepeſt that ſtands on his Board;
I'll fill up a Brimmer, and drink to the Fair,
'Tis the Thirſt of a Lover——and pledge me who dare.

SONG CCXIII.

I MET young *Damon* t'other Day,
And near me as he drew,
No Swain, methought, e'er look'd ſo gay;
Upon my Word 'tis true.

With ardent Bliſs my Lips he preſt;
Pray what could *Phillis* do?
I frown'd, but faith I frown'd in Jeſt;
Upon my Word 'tis true.

The Shepherd ſigh'd and talk'd of Love,
A Theme to me quite new;
Of Angels, Heav'n, and Pow'rs above;
And vow'd that all was true.

My Boſom throbb'd, I knew not why,
As ſtill more fond he grew:
I liſten'd to his Tale with Joy;
Upon my Word 'tis true.

Let *Damon* now be bleſt, he cry'd,
And fondly to me flew:
His Freedom vain I ſtrove to chide;
Upon my Word 'tis true.

With Bluſhes ſpread, I look'd Conſent,
Felt Joys but known to few;
For now I found what *Damon* meant,
And all he ſaid was true.

SONG CCXIV.

WHEN we ſee a Lover languiſh,
And his Truth and Honour prove;
Ah! how ſweet to heal his Anguiſh,
And repay him Love for Love.

SONG CCXV.

LET not Rage thy Boſom firing,
Pity's ſofter Claim remove;
Spare a Heart that's juſt expiring,
Forc'd by Duty, rack'd by Love.
Each ungentle Thought ſuſpending,
Judge of mine by thy ſoft Breaſt;
Nor with Rancour never ending,
Heap freſh Sorrows on th' Oppreſs'd.
Let not Rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry Joy has croſs'd,
Ne'er my wretched State can mend;
I, alas! at once have loſt,
Father, Brother, Lover, Friend.
Let not Rage, &c.

SONG CCXVI.

FAIR's my *Lucy* as the Day,
Brighter than the blooming *May*:
Cupid revels in her Eyes;
On her Lip rich Nectar lies.

When ſhe moves, 'tis *Juno* walks;
When ſhe ſpeaks, *Minerva* talks;
When ſhe ſings, th' angelic Strain
Might aſſwage the fierceſt Pain.

Claſp'd within her ſnowy Arms,
Bleſt with all her World of Charms;
Thus enthron'd let me expire,
Gods! 'tis all that I deſire.

SONG CCXVII.

CONſider, fair *Sylvia*, e'er Wedlock you chuſe,
That nothing but Death can the Bondage unlooſe;
As Fancy directs, you may now ſport and play,
And claſp a new Lover with ev'ry new Day;
But then one alone all your Beauty obtains,
And who'd give their Freedom to rattle in Chains?
And who'd give their Freedom, &c.

Six Months I have lov'd, 'tis too ſoon to believe
In Man, ſo precarious and prone to deceive:
Firſt judge well my Temper, my Humour, and Parts,
For joining of Hands often ſeparates Hearts;
And wou'd you ſo ſoon be the Joke of the Plains?
'Tis Madmen alone can be happy in Chains,
'Tis Madmen alone, &c.

All *Colin* is worth, ſhall, ſweet *Sylvia*, be thine;
My Lambkins, my Cottage, my Kids, and my Kine;
But if you reject a Propoſal ſo kind,
In Troth we muſt wait 'till we're both of a Mind;
And when I perceive no Objection remains,
I'll marry and joyfully rattle my Chains,
I'll marry and joyfully, &c.

SONG CCXVIII.

STILL in Hopes to get the better
Of my ſtubborn Flame I try;
Swear this Moment to forget her,
And the next my Oath deny:
Now prepar'd with Scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry Charm in Thought I brave;
Boaſt my Freedom——— fly to meet her,
And confeſs myſelf a Slave.

SONG

SONG CCXIX.

WATER parted from the Sea,
May increaſe the River's Tide;
To the bubbling Fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile Valleys glide:
Tho', in Search of ſoft Repoſe,
Thro' the Land 'tis free to roam;
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native Home.
Tho', in Search, &c.

SONG CCXX.

THE Proſpect clear'd, around is heard
The Muſic of the Hive;
The Bloſſoms blow, the Spirits flow,
And Nature's all alive.
In every Grove, the Work is Love,
The Word is ſing and play;
From Eve to Morn, the Sages warn——
Ye Maids, beware of *May*.

Each lively Scheme, each am'rous Theme
Our Nymphs and Poets chuſe;
The Dance delights, the Song invites,
As Mirth provokes the Muſe.
The War's no more, our Chief's come o'er;
Again, the Grave-Ones ſay,
Where'er they tread, Temptation's ſpread——
Beware the Ides of *May*.

SONG CCXXI.

SEEK the ſweet Balm, Philoſophy;
'Tis the Cure for heart-torn Ills;
The Weed of rank Adverſity,
That ſapient Medicine kills.
By that above all Grief we riſe,
For he is happy, who is wiſe.

O teach me, dear Morality;
Shut pale Envy from the Door:
With Health, give me Frugality;
Let Sots or Madmen ask for more.
My Life I live as Nature rules,
And Faſhion's Laws I leave to Fools.

SONG CCXXII.

LET the Nymph ſtill avoid, and be deaf to the Swain,
Who in Tranſports of Paſſion affects to complain;
For his Rage, not his Love, in that Frenzy is ſhewn,
And the Blaſt that blows loudeſt is ſooneſt o'er blown.

But the Shepherd whom *Cupid* has pierc'd to the Heart,
Will ſubmiſſive adore and rejoice in the Smart;
Or in plaintive ſoft Murmurs his boſom-felt Woe,
Like the ſmooth gliding Current of Rivers will flow.

Tho' ſilent his Tongue, he will plead with his Eyes,
And his Heart own your Sway in a Tribute of Sighs;
But when he accoſts you in Meadow or Grove,
His Tale is ſo tender——he cooes like a Dove.

SONG

SONG CCXXIII.

DAMON.

COME, my *Laura*, heav'nly Maid,
To this cool refreſhing Shade;
Where the Vi'let, Pink, and Roſe,
All their blooming Sweets diſcloſe:
See the Nymphs and Swains are met,
Happy in the cool Retreat;
Hail to Mirth, and amorous Play,
This is Shepherd's Holiday.

LAURA.

Wander then, ye giddy Flocks,
O'er the Hill, or 'mongſt the Rocks;
From her Shepherd, Night or Day,
Laura never means to ſtray.
Come, begin, ye ſportive Throng,
Tune the Pipe and raiſe the Song;
Celebrate, without Delay,
This our Shepherd's Holiday.

DAMON.

Sound, the rattling Tabor, ſound,
Let my *Laura*'s Health go round;
Kinder ſhe than vernal Show'rs,
Sweeter far than *May* born Flowers;
Dimpled Smiles and heav'nly Truth,
Join t' adorn her blooming Youth;
Theſe ſoft Charms without Allay,
Crown the Shepherd's Holiday.

LAURA.

LAURA.

Happy *Laura!* Oh! how bleſt,
Thus of *Damon*'s Love poſſeſs'd!
Witneſs Hill, and Dale, and Grove,
Here I plight eternal Love.
Wou'd the Gods on me beſtow
Power to lighten human Woe,
Damon's Life ſhould glide away,
Like a Shepherd's Holiday.

SONG CCXXIV.

WHILST on thy dear Boſom lying,
Celia, who can ſpeak my Bliſs!
Who, the Tranſports I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy Lips I kiſs?
Ev'ry Look with Love inſpires me,
Ev'ry Touch my Boſom warms;
Ev'ry melting Murmur fires me,
Ev'ry Joy is in your Arms.

SONG CCXXV.

IN all Mankind's promiſcuous Race,
The Sons of Error urge their Chace,
The Wond'rous to purſue;
Both in the Country and in Town,
The curious Courtier, Cit and Clown,
Solicit ſomething New.

The Poets ſtill from Nature take,
And what is ready made they make;

Hiſtorians

Hiſtorians muſt be true:
How therefore ſhall we find a Road,
Thro' Diſſertation, Song, or Ode,
To give you ſomething New?

They ſay Virginity is ſcarce,
As any Thing in Proſe or Verſe,
And ſo is Honour too:
The Papers of the Day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for ſomething New.

We ſee alike the woful Dearth,
In Melancholly, or in Mirth;
Then what ſhall Ladies do?
Seek Virtue, as th' immortal Prize;
In fine, be honeſt and be wiſe,
For that is ſomething New.

SONG CCXXVI.

WHICH is beſt, the Caſuiſts ſay,
To be grave or to be gay;
Still to weep and never ſmile,
In the *Penſeroſo* Stile:
To ſit moaping like a Nun,
Or to friſk it in the Sun,
Where the Scenes of Mirth are play'd,
And the glad Appointment's made?

If the Maid avoid Exceſs,
Better ſing, and dance, and dreſs,
And indulge the Calls of Youth,
While ſhe forfeits not her Truth:

Rigour

Rigour and ſevere Demean,
Are not decent at Sixteen;
And the Character is loſt,
Studied at Good-nature's Coſt.

She that meditates the moſt,
Is not always Virtue's Boaſt;
Nor the Silent and Demure,
Always peaceable and pure:
While the Lively, Briſk, and Smart,
Have more Innocence at Heart,
With a little leſs to dread,
From the Miſchief in their Head.

SONG CCXXVII.

'GAINST the deſtructive Wiles of Man,
Your Hearts, ye Fair Ones! guard;
Their only Study's to trapan,
And play a Trickſter's Card:
With ſtrange Delight, poor Women they ſlight,
Amuſe, cajole, belye;
Hence, Girls! beware——look ſharp——take Care——
For Men are wond'rous ſly.

That *Proteous*, Man, like him of old,
A thouſand Forms will take;
His venal Soul is all for Gold;
A Crocodile, or Snake.
See his dire Thread, this Spider ſpread,
To catch the Female Fly;
Hence, Girls! beware——look ſharp——take Care——
For Men are wond'rous ſly.

A Por-

A Porcupine, by Rage inſpir'd,
At Nymphs he darts his Quills;
A Baſilisk, by Frenzy fir'd,
His Glance, like Poiſon, kills:
With fraudful Arts, he ſteals their Hearts,
Then throws the Baubles by;
Hence, Girls! beware——look ſharp——take Care—
For Men are wond'rous ſly.

Was the whole Race of Men to meet
In one wide-ſpreading Plain,
Of Conſtancy, of Faith to treat,
And Virtue's ſpotleſs Train;
To find a Youth renown'd for Truth,
Whole Ages we might try;
Hence, Girls! beware——look ſharp——take Care—
For Men are wond'rous ſly.

SONG CCXXVIII.

NOW the Woodland Choriſts ſing,
Beauty takes her radiant Sphere;
Love adorns the ſmiling Spring,
Love and Beauty gilds the Year.
Seize the Minutes as they fly,
Jocund Hours and feſtive Round;
Innocence, with Virgin Eye,
Comes with rural Chaplets crown'd.

Awful Virtue keeps her State,
In the Cot, or on the Throne;
Liberty enjoins her Mate,
As fair Honour holds the Zone:

Love

Love and Beauty on the Wing,
Sweep the Globe, and conquer all;
Poets here, the Sage, and King,
At their Shrine ſubmiſſive fall.

Where ſhould Honour love to dwell,
But in Freedom's happy Iſle?
Virtue here enjoys a Cell,
More than in a Tyrant's Smile:
Where ſhould Beauty fix her Mein,
But on Love that Pow'r defies?
Innocence ſhall crown the Scene,
Where Ambition droops and dies.

SONG CCXXIX.

WITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry Care,
For Life without theſe is a Bubble of Air,
For Life without theſe, &c.
Each helping the other, in Pleaſure I roll,
And a new Flow of Spirits enlivens my Soul.
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave ſober Mortals my Maxims condemn,
I never ſhall alter my Conduct for them,
I never ſhall alter, &c.
I care not how much they my Meaſures decline,
Let 'em have their own Humour, and I will have mine.
I care not how much, &c.

Wine prudently us'd will our Senſes improve,
'Tis the Spring-tide of Life, and the Fuel of Love,
'Tis the Spring-tide of Life, &c.
And *Venus* ne'er look'd with a Smile ſo divine,
As when *Mars* bound his Head with a Branch from the Vine.
And *Venus* ne'er look'd, &c.

Then come, my dear Charmer, thou Nymph half divine,
First pledge me with Kisses, next pledge me with Wine,
First pledge me with Kisses, &c.
Then giving and taking, in mutual Return,
The Torch of our Loves shall eternally burn.
Then giving and taking, &c.

But shou'dst thou my Passion for Wine disapprove,
My Bumper I'll quit to be bless'd with thy Love,
My Bumper, &c.
For rather than forfeit the Joys of my Lass,
My Bottle I'll break, and demolish my Glass.
For rather than forfeit, &c.

SONG CCXXX.

MY Heart's my own, my Will is free,
And so shall be my Voice;
No mortal Man shall wed with me,
'Till first he's made my Choice.
Let Parents rule, cry Nature's Laws,
And Children still obey;
And is there then no saving Clause,
Against tyrannic Sway?

SONG CCXXXI.

RECITATIVE.

NO more, no more——Behold a Friend,
From yonder teeming Moon descend!
Young *Harlequin!* a fav'rite Child!
By Fancy, frolicksome and wild;
Begot on Pleasure, in a Dream,
Sleeping near a murm'ring Stream.

AIR.

Child of Fancy! whither bending;
On this nether Orb descending?
Vision of a finer Nature,
Mixing here with sordid Creature.

Feaſt on Beauty, all the Bleſſing
That this Earth has in poſſeſſing;
Woman, for a while, may charm thee,
All Things elſe will ſtrive to harm thee.

Go, with magic Spells ſurrounded,
Scoff at Danger, ſtill unwounded;
Then, when ſated here with Pleaſure,
To new Climes tranſport thy Treaſure.

FULL CHORUS.

Let us haſte! let us fly, thro' the Realms of the Sky!
Our magic Skill i' th' Air we'll ſhew,
While Harlequin *ſhall reign below.*

SONG CCXXXII.

RECITATIVE.

DISPUTE no more who ſings the chearful Lay,
Together we'll ſalute the ſmiling Day!
Let each tun'd Voice, its melting Notes combine,
And, with Conſent, harmonious Concord join.

TRIO.

Love and Freedom crown the Day!
Seize the Bleſſings while you may!
Like the Birds that hail the Spring,
Sporting in a wanton Ring,
Gaily dance, and ſweetly ſing.
Full of Care, and Pain, and Strife,
Are the ev'ning Hours of Life;
While the youthful Minutes move,
Now the Bliſs of Freedom prove;
Now enjoy the Heav'n of Love.

FULL CHORUS.

Welcome to theſe Regions bright,
Fancy's Offſpring! Prince of Light!

Purge

Purge thy earthy Scum away,
And revel in the Blaze of Day.
Fix upon this happy Shore;
Here thy beauteous Prize adore,
And never, never wander more.

SONG CCXXXIII.

WHEN once Love's ſubtle Pains
A Paſſage finds t' the Female Breaſt;
Like Light'ning ruſhing through the Veins,
Each Wiſh and every Thought's poſſeſt.

To heal the Pangs our Minds endure,
Reaſon in vain its Skill applies;
Nought can afford the Heart a Cure,
But what is pleaſing to the Eyes.

SONG CCXXXIV.

LET Gay Ones and Great
Make the moſt of their Fate,
From Pleaſure to Pleaſure they run;
Well, who cares a Jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my Dog and my Gun.
For Exerciſe, Air,
To the Fields I repair,
With Spirits unclouded and light;
The Bliſſes I find,
No Stings leave behind,
But Health and Diverſion unite.

SONG CCXXXV.

DAMON and *DAPHNE* A *New Dialogue.*

DAPHNE.

PRithee, *Damon*, haſte away;
Why ſhould you my Ruin prove!
Come again another Day,
And we then will talk of Love:
Come again, &c.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Lovely *Daphne*, why ſo coy,
To a Swain that loves ſo true!
All I mean——is mutual Joy;
All I love——is only you.
All I mean, &c.

DAPHNE.

Gentle *Damon*, leave me now;
I'll my real Thoughts impart:
Hear my Promiſe——hear my Vow——
None with you ſhall ſhare my Heart.
Hear my Promiſe, &c.

DAMON.

See the Church on yonder Hill;
Thither, *Daphne*, let's repair:
Damon's Heart ne'er meant thee Ill;
Hymen's Bands ſhall join us there.
Damon's Heart, &c.

DAPHNE.

Deareſt *Damon*, take my Hand;
Long you have my Heart poſſeſs'd:
Wealth and Titles I'd withſtand——
Damon's Love can make me bleſs'd:
Wealth and Titles, &c.

DAMON.

Would ye, Swains, be bleſs'd indeed?
To the Nymph you love be true.

DAPHNE.

Would ye, Nymphs, in Love ſucceed?
Bleſs the Swain that's true to you.
Would ye, Nymphs, &c.

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FINIS.